







(27)

THE  
L I F E  
O F

Madam de Beaumont,  
a French L A D Y ;

Who lived in a Cave in *Wales* above  
fourteen Years undiscovered, being for-  
ced to fly *France* for her Religion ; and  
of the cruel Usage she had there.

A L S O

Her L O R D 's Adventures in *Muscovy*,  
where he was a Prisoner some Years.

W I T H

An Account of his returning to *France*, and  
her being discover'd by a *Welsh* Gentleman,  
who fetch'd her Lord to *Wales* : And of  
many strange Accidents which befel them,  
and their Daughter *Belinda*, who was sto-  
len away from them ; and of their Return  
to *France* in the Year 1718.

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The SECOND EDITION.

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By Mrs. AUBIN.

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*Superanda omnis Fortuna ferendo est. Vir. Æneid.*  
*Fortem posce animum, & mortis terrore carentem.*

Juvenal Sat. 10.

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L O N D O N :


Printed for J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH, F. FAY-  
RAM, J. OSBORN and T. LONGMAN, J. PEMBER-  
TON, J. HOOKE, C. RIVINGTON, F. CLAY, J.  
BATLEY, and E. SYMON. M. DCC. XXVIII.





# P R E F A C E

## TO THE R E A D E R.

 *HE Air has infected some of the neighbouring Nations with the Plague, and swept away the astonish'd Inhabitants by thousands; but in our Nation it has had a different Effect, it has certainly infected our Understandings: A Madness has for some time possess'd the English, and we are turn'd Projectors,*

A 3



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*tors, exceeded the French in extravagant Whimseys, and parted with our Money as easily, as if we had forgot that we were to live a day longer; we are grown false as Jews in Trading, Turks and Italians in Lust, Libertines in Principle, and have more Religions amongst us, and less Sincerity, than the Dutch. The Knavish Part of us are employ'd at present in getting Money; and the Thoughtless, which are the major part, in searching for something new to divert their Spleen: the Tales of Fairies, and Elves, take with them, and the most improbable things please best.*

*The Story I here present the Publick withal, is very extraordinary, but not quite so incredible as these. This is an Age of Wonders, and certainly we can doubt of nothing after what we have seen in our Days: yet there is one thing in the Story of Madam de Beaumont very strange; which is, that she, and her Daughter, are very religious, and very virtuous, and that there were*



## THE PREFACE. VII

two honest Clergymen living at one time. In the Lord de Beaumont's Story, there is yet something more surprising; which is, that he loved an absent Wife so well, that he obstinately refused a pretty Lady a Favour.

These Circumstances will, I suppose, make the Truth of this Story doubted; but since Men are grown very doubtful, even in those Things that concern them most, I'll not give myself much trouble to clear their Doubts about this. Wales being a Place not extremely populous in many Parts, is certainly more rich in Virtue than England, which is now improved in Vice only, and rich in Foreigners, who often bring more Vices than Ready Money along with them. He that would keep his Integrity, must dwell in a Cell; and Belinda had never been so virtuous, had she not been bred in a Cave, and never seen a Court.

Wales has produced many brave Men, and been famed for the unshaken Loyalty of its People to their

A 4

Princes,

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*Princes, and Bravery in Fight, scorning to bow their Necks to Slavery, or be conquer'd; why may it not produce a Woman virtuous and wise, as the Men are courageous?*

*In this Story I have aim'd at pleasing, and at the same time encouraging Virtue in my Readers. I wish Men would, like Belinda, confide in Providence, and look on Death with the same Indifference that she did. But I forget that this Book is to be publish'd in London, where abundance of People live, whose Actions must persuade us, that they are so far from fearing to die, that they certainly fear nothing that is to come after dying: some of these not speaking good English, will not, perhaps, read this; I shall therefore refer them to their own Countries for virtuous Examples, and present this Story to the true-born English, and Antient Britons, to whom I wish Increase of Sense and Virtue, Plenty of Money, good Governours, and endless Prosperity.*

Penelope Aubin.





THE  
LIFE  
OF  
Madam de BEAUMONT, &c.  
CHAP. I.

**N**OT far from *Swansey*, a Sea-Port in *Wales*, in *Glamorganshire*, there dwelt a Gentleman whose Name was *Mr. Lluelling*; he was descended of a good Family, and had a handsome Estate of about 500 *l. per Annum*, all lying together in that Place;



Place, on which he liv'd comfortably and nobly, doing much good; a Man whose generous Temper, and good Sense, made him beloved by all that knew him: He had been once a Member of Parliament, travell'd in his Youth, bred at the University, and in fine, was a most accomplish'd Gentleman. It is not therefore to be doubted, but that he had many Opportunities of marrying, but he always declin'd it, and seem'd, tho ever gallant and complaisant, yet indifferent to the Fair Sex; he was thirty-six Years of Age, and wisely prefer'd a Country Retirement before noisy Courts, and Business; his Person was very handsome, and his Conversation and Mein perfectly genteel and agreeable. This Gentleman, in the Year 1717, one Evening, in the Month of *May*, was walking alone by the Sea-side to take the Air, and passing over some little Hills, came at last to the Top of one much higher than the rest, where standing still to view the lovely Prospect of the neighbouring Fields and Valleys,

which





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which were now all in their greatest Pride, adorn'd with lovely Flowers, and various Greens ; he saw just opposite another Hill, and in the side of it a Door open, before which there stood a Maid of such exquisite Beauty and Shape, and in a Habit so odd and uncommon, that he was both extremely surprized and charmed : he stood still, not daring to approach her, lest he shou'd surprize, and make her fly from him. She seem'd very thoughtful, but at length, looking up, she saw him, and immediately retired, shutting the Door after her. He continued musing for some time, and having well observ'd the Place, return'd home, resolving to go back thither early the next Morning ; he pass'd that Night without once closing his Eyes, such strong Impressions had her Beauty made in his Soul, that he thought of nothing but the bright Vision. At break of day he rose, forbidding his Servants to attend him, and hasten'd to the Hill, from whence he descended into the Valley, where  
he

he sought for a convenient Place to conceal himself at some little distance from the Cave, resolving to watch the opening of the Door, and observe what past there. Having found a low Tree, he climbed up into it, and did not wait long before he saw a proper Lad come forth with a Basket on his Arm; he went towards the Town, as if he were going to fetch Provisions: soon after a Maid Servant came out with a Broom, and swept before the Door of the Cave, drest in a Red-Petticoat, a *French* Jacket and Coif; and in some time after she went in, he saw a Lady in a rich Night-Gown, and Nightcloths, something in years, but very beautiful, attended by the young Virgin he had seen the day before, who was drest in a cherry colour Silk Petticoat, flower'd with Silver, a white Sattin Waistcoat, ty'd down the Breast with red and Silver Ribbons, her Neck was bare, and her Hair was carelessly braided, and tied up in green Sattin Ribbon: upon her Head she wore a fine Straw-Hat, lined

ned.

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ned with Green and Gold, and a Hatband suiting: she appear'd to be about fourteen, was fair as *Diana*; her Eyes were black, her Face oval, her Shape incomparable; she wore a Sweetness and Modesty in her Look, that would have charm'd the coldest Breast, and check'd the boldest Lover from proceeding farther then he ought. Their Habits, Speech, and Mein, spoke them Persons of Quality, and Foreigners.

‘ Come my dear Child, *said the Lady*, let us take a Walk over the Hills this sweet Morning, ’tis all the Diversion our sad Circumstance permits us to take.’ ‘ Why, Madam, *answer’d the fair Belinda*, for so *was the young Lady call’d*, can there be any Pleasures in the World exceeding those this sweet Retirement gives us? How often have you recounted to me the Miseries and Dangers that attend a Life led in croud’d Cities, and noisy Courts: had you never left the quiet Convent for the World, or changed your Virgin State, how happy had  
‘ you



‘ you been. Our homely Cell, in-  
‘ deed, is nothing like the splendid  
‘ Places I have heard you talk of;  
‘ but then we are not half so much  
‘ expos’d to those Temptations you  
‘ have warn’d me of: nothing I dread  
‘ but only this; should Providence  
‘ take you from me, I should be so  
‘ sad and lonely, that I fear my Heart  
‘ would break.’ ‘ My Child, *the La-*  
‘ *dy answer’d*, our Lives are in the  
‘ Almighty’s Hands, and we must  
‘ still submit; you can’t be wretched  
‘ whilst you are innocent, and I still  
‘ hope your Father lives, that we  
‘ shall meet again, that we shall leave  
‘ this dismal Place, return to *France*,  
‘ and live to see you happily dispos’d  
‘ of in the World. ’Tis now fourteen  
‘ Years and six Months since we have  
‘ lived securely in this lonely Man-  
‘ sion, a tedious Task to me; you  
‘ know I dare not return to *France*  
‘ a second time, having been once  
‘ betray’d, and with much Difficul-  
‘ ty escap’d from my Enemies hands:  
‘ I want only some faithful Friend  
‘ that could go thither for me.’ By  
‘ this



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this time they were past on so far,  
that Mr. *Ltueling* could hear no  
more ; he came down from the Tree,  
and follow'd gently after, soon over-  
took, and thus address'd himself to  
them : ' Ladies, *said he*, be not sur-  
' prized, I am a Gentleman of this  
' Place, one who am able to serve  
' you, my Estate and Heart are at  
' your Command ; sure I have been  
' very unfortunate in being so long  
' ignorant of my being near you. I  
' have overheard your Discourse, and  
' am come to offer myself and For-  
' tune to you.' Here he threw him-  
self at *Belinda's* Feet : ' To this fair  
' Creature, *said he*, I dedicate the  
' remainder of my Life ; I and all  
' that's mine shall be devoted to her  
' Service.' ' Speak, lovely Maid, *said*  
' *he*, whose Eyes have robb'd me of  
' a Heart, may I presume to hope ?'  
*Belinda*, much confused, look'd first  
on him, then on her Mother, remain-  
ing silent, seized with a Passion she  
had been a Stranger to till that  
moment : the Lady well perceiving  
it, answer'd thus ; ' Rise, Sir, since  
' Heaven,

‘ Heaven, who has till now pre-  
‘ served us from all Discovery, has  
‘ permitted you to see us, and, as I  
‘ conjecture, more than this time, so  
‘ that it would be in vain to forbid  
‘ your coming where we are; I con-  
‘ sent to accept the Friendship which  
‘ you offer, not doubting but you  
‘ are what you appear, a Person of  
‘ Birth and Fortune.’ He bow’d, and  
taking *Belinda* by the hand, said,  
‘ Madam, you shall find me all you  
‘ can wish; let me now have the Ho-  
‘ nour to wait on you home to your  
‘ Cell, and there we may be more at  
‘ liberty to talk.’ The Ladies consent-  
ing, they went back together to the  
Cave, the inside of which was most  
surprizing to Mr. *Lluelling*; there  
he found five Rooms so contrived,  
and so richly furnish’d, that he stood  
amazed. ‘ In the Name of Wonder,  
‘ said he, Ladies, by what Inchant-  
‘ ment or Art was this Place contri-  
‘ ved, from whence is this Light  
‘ convey’d that illuminates it, which  
‘ seems without all cover’d o’er with  
‘ Earth, and is within so light and  
‘ agree-

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‘agreeable?’ The Lady answer’d,  
‘When you have heard our Story  
‘you will be satisfied in all. At our  
‘landing on this Place, we found a  
‘Cave, or little Cell, but not like  
‘what it now is; the Seamen belong-  
‘ing to the Ship that brought us  
‘here contrived and made it what  
‘you see; the Damask Beds, Scr-  
‘tores, and all the Furniture you find  
‘here, I brought with me from  
‘*France*: the Light is from a Sky-  
‘light on the top of the Hill, cove-  
‘red with a Shutter and Grate, when  
‘we think fit to shut day out; a  
‘Pair of Stairs leads to it in the  
‘midst of the Rooms which you see  
‘lie in a kind of round: the Build-  
‘ing is contriv’d an Oval, part lin’d  
‘with some Boards, to defend the  
‘Damps from us; but yet in Win-  
‘ter ’tis no pleasant Dwelling.’ ‘Ma-  
‘dam, *said he*, I have a Seat, and  
‘more convenient House that shall  
‘be proud to receive you, and I shall  
‘not cease to importune you, till  
‘you grace it with your Presence;  
‘I shall therefore deny myself the  
‘Plea-



‘Pleasure of staying with you longer, and fetch my Coach to bear you thither.’ At these Words he took leave.

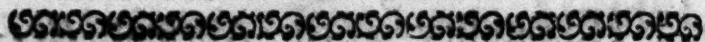
When he was gone, the old Lady, looking on her Daughter, spake thus to her? ‘Now, my dear Child, what do you think, Providence provides us here at last a Friend; and, if I am not deceiv’d, a Husband for you: What think you of this Gentleman?’ ‘Alas! Madam, *she reply’d*, I know not what to think, I wish I had not seen him; for if he proves deceitful, as Men, you say, often do, sure I should be unhappy.’ They continued this Discourse, breakfasted, and before Noon saw Mr. *Lluelling* return with a Coach, and Servants, to fetch them to his House to dinner; he wisely left his Coach on the farther Hill, and came alone to them: his Importunities were so great, they could not refuse him; so staying only to dress, they went with him. The Ladies Habits, tho not made after the *English* Mode, were rich, and such as were hardly  
ever



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ever seen in that part of *Wales*, being what the Lady brought from *France* with her. When arrived at his House, they were entertain'd in a manner suiting the noble Nature and Hospitality of the Antient *Britons*; nothing was wanting to show the Master's Respect. How much the young Lady was surpriz'd, it is almost impossible to imagine, since she had never been abroad before, or convers'd with any Stranger. After dinner, Mr. *Lluelling* carried the Ladies into a Drawing-Room, where the Pictures hung of his Ancestors: Stately, and so furnish'd was the Place, it might have taken up some Hours to have view'd it with Delight. Here Wines, Sweetmeats, and Tea, were plac'd, and the Servants withdrawing, he seated the Ladies, and himself, and then said, 'Now, Madam, addressing himself to the Mother, may I, without offending, beg to know your Quality, the Adventures of your Life, and the true Cause of your dwelling in the obscure Place I found you.' 'Yes, answer'd

“ answer’d she, your Curiosity is just,  
 “ and I readily agree to all you ask.”  
 Then she began the Narrative of her  
 Life in this manner.



## C H A P. II.

I Was born in *Normandy*; my Father being a *French* Nobleman, his Name was the Count *de Rochefoucault*: my Mother was an *English* Lady, who came over with the unfortunate Queen of *England*, Wife to King *James II.* to whom my Mother’s Father was a loyal, and faithful Servant, tho a Protestant: He was a Lord, but could give no Fortune with my Mother, but her Beauty and Virtue. My Father being at Court at *Paris*, and visiting at *St. Germain*s, there saw, and fell in love with her, in the end marry’d, and brought her to his Seat in *Normandy*. I was born the first Year of their Marriage, and by my Mother secretly bred up a Protestant,

we

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we talking together in *English*, which she taught me; for which reason I was not much esteem'd by my Father's Family, when it came to be known.

When I was ten Years of Age, it pleas'd God to take away my dear Mother, whose Virtues had made her dear to all that knew her; but my Father's Grief was such, that it overcame his Reason, and in a short time threw him into a deep Consumption, of wick, to my unutterable Grief, he died, leaving me, his only Child, an Orphan of but twelve years of Age. He left me a great Fortune in Lands and Money, in the Care of three Catholick Noblemen, his own Relations, whom he strictly enjoin'd to take care of me, and never force my Inclinations in any thing, or force me into a Convent; but no sooner was he laid in the Ground, but they shut me up in a Monastery of poor *Clares*, as they pretended to have me convinced of my Errors in Religion, but, in truth, with design to wrong me of my Fortune.



tunc. Here I continued a Year, being very kindly treated by the Abbess and Society, who were most of them Ladies born of good Families, and perfectly well bred; amongst these was one, whose Name was *Katherine*, Daughter to Monsieur de *Maintenon*, the Governour of *Normandy*. With this young Lady I contracted a strict Friendship; to her I open'd all the Secrets of my Heart, and we loved so tenderly, that we were inseparable: we lay together, and she had told me all her Grievs, confessing she had, and did still love, a young Gentleman who was a Colonel and Relation of her Mother's; which coming to her Father's Knowledge, who was related to the King, and a Man very Ambitious, had so offended him, that he had sent him away to the Army, and forced her into this Convent. This Lady had an only Brother, who was call'd the Count de *Beaumont*, who was young, gay, handsome, witty; and in fine, every thing that's charming; his Soul was noble, and full of Truth  
 and

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and Honour. This young Lord came frequently to the Grates to visit his Sister, whom he tenderly loved: by this means he saw, and loved me; his Conversation charm'd me, and I quickly found I more than lik'd him: in fine, he declared his Passion, and I at last yielded to fly with, and marry him, on condition that his Sister should go with me. Nothing now was wanting but an Opportunity to effect our Design, which we did in a few days, in the manner following: The Count went to the Gardener who us'd to look after the Monastery Garden, and with Gold bribed him, to get another Key made to the Garden Gate, with which my Lover enter'd when he pleas'd, concealing himself in one of the Arbours till my Companion and I came to walk. We soon agreed on the Day, and Hour, when we should escape; the Evening of the appointed Day, he brought a Chaise with six Horses, to a Village near the Convent, and in the Dusk came in it to the Garden Gate, which was the hour we used to

to be at Vespers; I and Sister *Katherine*, feigning ourselves not well all that day, got leave to be absent from Prayers; this gave us an Opportunity of getting to the Count, who receiv'd us with Transport: he carry'd us in two hours time to the *Chevalier de Alancon's* House, which was twenty Miles off; there we alit, and were receiv'd gladly: this Gentleman was Father to the Colonel whom Lady *Katherine* loved, and therefore was glad of this Opportunity to oblige the Count *de Beaumont*, hoping it might be a means to procure his Son's Happiness, who was his only Child, and whom he loved excessively: the Count having also promis'd me to consent to his Sister's Marriage, had made choice of this Gentleman, as most proper to assist us in this Affair. Here having changed our Habits, and put on others which the Count had provided for us, we were entertained with a splendid Supper; after which, the Count prest me in so passionate a manner, to make him happy, by marry-



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marrying him that Night, that I condescended to his Request, and the Chevalier's Chaplain made us one. The next Morning the Chevalier *de Alancon* sent away a Servant Express to the Army, to give his Son notice of Lady *Katherine's* Escape, and that he should come immediately Home *incognito* to marry her. The Count *de Beaumont* that Evening returned home to see how our Flight was taken, and how his Father repented it, promising a speedy Return to us; which he soon did, for the next morning he came back, and acquainted me with all that had past. ' My Father, *said he*, no sooner saw  
' me enter the Room, where he was  
' sitting with some Nobleman at Om-  
' bre, but he rose, looking fiercely  
' upon me, and addressing himself to  
' them, said, Messieurs, I beg leave  
' to withdraw with my Son for a  
' few Minutes. I follow'd him into  
' his Closet, where we no sooner en-  
' ter'd, but he shut the Door, and  
' said; Son, I am highly troubled to  
' think that you have done a Deed

B

' so

‘ so unadvised, so rash, and I fear  
‘ ruinous to yourself, and disgustful  
‘ to me: are you marry’d without  
‘ my Consent, and to a Heretick?  
‘ what will the King say? Cou’d you  
‘ not find a Wife of our own Faith  
‘ and Family? but you must rob a  
‘ Convent for one? Where is your  
‘ deluded Sister? have you match’d  
‘ her too? Alas! alas! my Son, what  
‘ Grief and Confusion will you bring  
‘ upon us? My Surprize was so great  
‘ to see my Father so calm, that I  
‘ could scarce answer; but throwing  
‘ myself at his feet, embracing his  
‘ Knees, I implored his Pardon, and  
‘ his Blessing, saying, My honour’d  
‘ Lord, and Father, the Lady I have  
‘ marry’d, is our Equal both in Birth  
‘ and Fortune; virtuous, young, and  
‘ will I doubt not, be every thing  
‘ you and desire: let not her Reli-  
‘ gion, which is not a fault in her,  
‘ but the Misfortune of her Educa-  
‘ tion, make you prejudiced against  
‘ her, I shall soon prevail with her  
‘ to be what I am; if not, our Chil-  
‘ dren shall be bred as you desire;  
‘ she

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‘ she was no Nun, but, wrongfully  
‘ detain’d there by her Guardians,  
‘ who will no sooner hear who she  
‘ belongs to, but they will resign her  
‘ Fortune; and now, my Lord, com-  
‘ pleat my Happiness, permit me to  
‘ bring my Bride to pay her Duty,  
‘ and receive my Sister, who, both  
‘ by promise and Affection, is enga-  
‘ ged to the brave *Alancon*, a young  
‘ Gentleman whose Worth excels all  
‘ Titles, who will be to you another  
‘ Son, and make her happy. Rise  
‘ Son, *said my Father*, I will endea-  
‘ vour to be easy. At these Words  
‘ he took me up, and opening the  
‘ door, return’d to the Company, I  
‘ following; he said nothing of my  
‘ Marriage to them: in the morning  
‘ I pay’d my Duty to him in his  
‘ Chamber, and told him I was going  
‘ to fetch you to him; he bid me go.  
This News overjoy’d us all, and the  
Chevalier, my Sister *Katherine*, the  
Count *de Beaumont*, and I, taking  
Coach, went to the Castle, where  
my Father-in-law received us with  
such Goodness, and with an Air so  
B 2                      obliging,



obliging, that I was amazed: an Apartment was immediately assign'd me, the same my Mother-in-law had in her Life-time. Our Wedding was kept as became our Quality, and in few days I had the Satisfaction to see my dear Sister, whom I tenderly loved, made happy as myself, being marry'd to the Colonel, who being come Post to his Father's, was by him brought to us, and marry'd in my Father's Presence with full Consent. And now we appear'd to be the happiest Family in the World: my Guardians no sooner heard of my Marriage, but they waited on my Father and Husband, and in few days deliver'd my Fortune into their hands.

For some Months my Father treated me with all the Kindness imaginable; when it began to be whisper'd that I was with Child: then my Sister began to importune me, when we were alone, to change my Religion, which I evaded to answer to, as much as possible, beginning to suspect that she was put upon so doing, and this

made

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made me very thoughtful, and apprehensive of some Misfortune.

One Morning my Father-in-law enter'd my Chamber, and with a very serious Air began to talk to me in this manner: ' Daughter, I have  
' been very indulgent to you, and do  
' now assure you that I love you extremely, of which I can give you  
' no better Proof than what I am  
' going to propose to you: You have  
' been bred in an Error, and your  
' Religion is false; I have provided  
' those that shall instruct you in the  
' Truth, and I expect that you hearken to them, and embrace it; and  
' if you mean to live happy, and be  
' dear to me, you must be a *Roman*  
' Catholick, otherwise the King has  
' commanded me to part my Son and  
' you. I have said enough, I hope,  
' to convince you that it is absolutely necessary that you comply with  
' my desires.' At these Words he went out of my Chamber, leaving me in great Confusion and Disorder. At this Instant my dear Lord came in from walking in the Park, and was

much surprized to find me in Tears; he clasp'd me in his Arms, and pressed me earnestly to tell him what was the cause of my Grief. Forbear, my Dearest, said I, do not ask many Questions, we must be parted, and be wretched, the King will not permit you to caress a poor Orphan, and sleep in the Arms of a Heretick; I must change my Faith, or lose all that is dear to me upon the Earth: Hard choice! He wiped away my Tears, kiss'd and comforted me all he was able, using all his Eloquence to persuade me to comply; and I must confess it was more difficult to me to refuse him, than all the World; not Racks, nor Flames, could move my Soul, so much as one of those tender things he said to me: and now I was daily visited by learned Priests, and such who, as Relations or Friends, thought themselves obliged to assist in my Conversion; but having been educated in an intire Abhorrence of the Church of *Rome*, I gave little heed to their Arguments, and resolved to continue firm to the Opinion



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I had been bred in, which they soon discovered, and took my Silence for Obstinacy: with which, acquainting my Father, they so wrought with him, that he grew to hate me, and believed nothing could be done with me whilst my Lord was present: he therefore resolved to part us, hoping by this means to shock my Resolution, and make me yield to his Desires. In order to this, he procures a Commission for a Regiment of Horse for the Count his Son, with a Letter from the King, commanding him to repair to his Command immediately: this his Father deliver'd to him, telling him withal, that he had provided him an Equipage, and all things suiting his Quality, and that he must not fail to be ready by the next morning to be gone.

This News was, as you may imagine, like a Sentence of Death to us both: as for my part, fearing to declare my Grief, lest it should increase the Count's, I remained silent, and restrain'd all but my Tears, which flow'd incessantly. This sight so mo-

ved my Lord, that at last he resolv'd to expose himself both to the King's and his Father's Displeasure, rather than leave me; but upon Reflection, I dreaded the Consequence so much, of so rash an Action, that I propos'd an Expedient: ' My dear Lord, *said*  
 ' I, my Mother's Brother in *England*,  
 ' the Lord——will no doubt gladly  
 ' receive and take care of me; send  
 ' me thither, with part of our For-  
 ' tune, there I shall enjoy my Reli-  
 ' gion without Molestation, and be  
 ' safe from all my Enemies, till you  
 ' return; which Heaven grant may  
 ' be soon, and to both our Comforts.' This Proposal he with much Reluctance agreed to, and the next morning told his Father that he could not consent to part thence under seven days, in which time he wou'd take care to remove me out of *France*, being fully determin'd not to leave me in my Enemies power; which the old Lord was forc'd to yield to, finding it was in vain to oppose him, and being glad that we should be separated so far asunder. The Count

*de*

*Madam de Beaumont.* 33

*de Beaumont* was resolved to see *France* no more till his Father died, designing that I should go to meet him in *Flanders*, by the way of *Holland*, so soon as I should have lain in; he therefore call'd in all the Ready-Money he could raise, which he turn'd all into Gold, and borrow'd some of his Friends, giving me Jewels and Money, to the value of fifty thousand Crowns: he hired a Vessel at *St. Malo's*, putting aboard of it all the rich Furniture of my Apartment, and all my Clothes and Linen; and at last my Sister and he brought me aboard, my Father-in-law having first took leave of me, and again made me large Offers, if I would turn Catholic, and stay in *France*, which I modestly rejected; and the Wind being fair, in this fatal Vessel my dear Lord and I took leave of each other. And first I embraced my dear Sister, who took our Separation so heavily, that I believe it hasten'd her Death, which happen'd not long after; and then my Lord, with Eyes full of Tears, took me in his Arms, where



he held me some time before he was able to speak, then said, ' Farewel, my dear *Belinda*, may Guardian Angels guard you, and the dear Pledge you carry with you; may God defend you from the Danger of the Sea, and bring you safe to Land, and to my Arms again; judge by yourself what Pangs I feel, and spare to torture me by saying more.' I could not answer him one word, but fainted in his Arms: my Sister urged him to be gone, saying, it would be wiser to depart, than continue the Tragick Scene; which he would not do till I revived, and then I faintly said, ' My Lord, farewell, remember we are Christians, born to part, let us as such support our Afflictions, and live in hope to meet again, if not here, yet in Heaven: Farewel.' He repeated his Embraces, and at length yielded to go. The Ship set sail for *England*, designing to reach the Port of *London*; but as we were at Sea, the Wind veer'd about, a dreadful Storm arose, and with much Difficulty the ninth day

day of our being at Sea, we made this Point of Land, and in the Evening got ashore near the Cave where you found us: there we look'd for some Place to secure ourselves and Goods in, and found this Cave, which doubtless had been contrived by some Hermit in antient Times, and was the Work of past Ages; it was all ruinous, and cover'd over with Weeds, but the Seamen soon clean'd and fitted it up as you see; I liked the Place for its Privacy, and resolv'd to tarry here till I could write to *London*, to my Uncle, whom I very well knew and loved, he having been several times in *France* to visit my Mother. The Captain of the Ship went to *Swansey*, bought Provisions, sent away my Letters, and in some days we receiv'd an Answer, little to our Satisfaction; I tremble when I open'd the Seal, seeing the Direction in a strange Hand, and found it was writ by a Gentleman who was something related, as it appear'd, to my Uncle; who receiving my Letter, answer'd it, informing me my Uncle was

was long since dead in *Scotland*, being forced to fly *England*, all his Estate being seized by the Government on account of his Loyalty to King *James*, and carrying on Designs for his Service; therefore he advised me to return to *France*, and not venture to come to *London*. Upon this News, I resolved to continue in the Cave, with my two Servants, my Maid, and a Boy, whom I had brought from *France*, *Maria* having been a Servant to my Mother, and a Native of *England*; the Boy *Philip* was prefer'd by my Uncle to my Mother's Service, when he last visited her in *France*; for which reason I always took care of these Servants, and thought they wou'd be most proper for my Service here, speaking the Language.

And now, in few days, the Captain having bought what he wanted, and repair'd his Vessel, set sail for *France* again, to give the Count *de Beaumont* an account of all that had happen'd to us; but, to my great Misfortune, the Ship (as I have been  
since



since inform'd) founder'd at Sea, so that my Lord could never be inform'd what was become of me. Here I was brought to bed of this Daughter by a Country Midwife *Philip* fetch'd from a Village hard by; and having in two Years no News from *France*, I resolv'd to venture back thither myself, so I took the Boy with me, leaving *Maria* with the Child, and in a small Vessel, which I found at *Swansey*, and hired to carry me over to *St. Malo's*, I got Passage, leaving *Philip* at *Swansey*, to return back to the Cave, he being only fit to fetch Provisions, and what the Maid and Child wanted.

At my landing at *St. Malo's*, I went to a Friend of my Husband's, whose House we were at, at my leaving *France*; there I got a Man's Habit, and so disguised, took a Post Chaise for the *Chevalier de Alancon's*, where being safe arriv'd, I discover'd myself, and was receiv'd with all Demonstrations of Friendship; and here I learn'd that my dear Sister was dead of a Fever the Year I left *France*;

*France*; that the Count *de Beaumont*, having the News of the Ship's being lost, and hearing nothing from me, came back from the Army to his Father's, and concluding me dead, fell into a deep Melancholy; at last quarrell'd with his Father, resign'd his Commission, quitted the *French Service*, and was gone for *Sweden*, where he had obtain'd the Command of a Regiment under the King of *Sweden*, who was engag'd in a War with the Czar of *Muscovy*, and that no News had been heard of him since:

‘ This, *says the Chevalier*, has so  
‘ incens’d your Father-in-law against  
‘ you, Madam, whom he looks upon  
‘ as the principal Cause of this his  
‘ great Misfortune, in losing the  
‘ Comfort of his Son’s Presence, that  
‘ I would not for the World he shou’d  
‘ find you here, for I know not what  
‘ his passion would transport him to  
‘ do; I therefore advise you to get  
‘ back to *St. Malo’s* as soon as possi-  
‘ ble, and return to *England*; I will  
‘ do all that’s possible to send word  
‘ to the Count of your Safety, and  
‘ the

‘ the Place of your Residence.’ After Supper I went to Bed, much distracted in my Thoughts: the next morning early, I set out again for *St. Malo’s*; but at Noon, entering into an Inn to refresh myself, I was seized for a Spy, carry’d before a Magistrate, who soon perceiv’d I was a Woman, and, in fine, knew me, and immediately confin’d me in his House, till he sent to Monsieur de *Maintenon*, who by the next morning arriv’d at *St. Malo’s*, and coming into the Room where I was, accosted me in this manner: ‘ So, Madam, I think  
‘ myself very happy in seeing you  
‘ once again in *France*, you have  
‘ made me one of the most unfortunate Fathers in the World; I have  
‘ by your means lost an only Son: you  
‘ fled hence for Conscience, and I, to  
‘ satisfy Justice, shall confine you  
‘ here the rest of your days.’ He gave me no time to answer; for I was pinnion’d, and put into his Coach, with four of his Servants to guard me: nor did they suffer me to rest, or eat, for twenty four Hours, in which time  
we



we stopt but twice to change Horses: At length they brought me to a ruinous old Castle, near the Sea-side, where they left me in the hands of a Man, whose grim Aspect spoke him a Goaler; this Man, his Daughter, and Wife, were all that dwelt in this dismal Place; they drove me up into a Room that was in the Top of an old Tower, and there lock'd me in, like a wild Beast in a Den: and here I sat down and reflected on my Condition.

Here Mr. *Lluelling* interrupted the Lady, saying, ' Madam, thank Providence you are now here, and at Liberty; come, we will defer to some other time, to finish this dismal Story: Supper is upon the Table, let us eat and forget all past Sorrows, to-morrow I will beg to hear the rest.' So presenting her his hand, he led her to the Table. After Supper the Ladies would have taken leave, and return'd to the Cave; but he so importunately desired their stay there, that they at length consented, and were lodged in an Apartment altogether suitable to their Quality.

C H A P.



C H A P. III.

**I**N the Morning the Ladies were waked by a Concert of Musick, playing under their Window; with which the young Lady was much delighted, having never heard any thing so charming, or of that nature before. ‘ Madam, *said she*, what an agreeable Part of the World are we come into? why did you not sooner bring me into Company? what a ravishing thing is Society? for Heaven’s sake do not return to our unwholesome lonely Cave. We want not a Fortune to pay for all the Conveniences of Life, why shou’d we fly Company? we are in a Nation where you have no Enemies to fear.’ The old Lady smiled, saying, ‘ Alas! my Child, you little know what you have to fear, and what mighty Cares attend a marry’d Life; tho’ I hope God will, in pity to my Sufferings, make you happy, and grant  
‘ you

' you a long Series of Years free from  
 ' Misfortunes.' At these Words a  
 Maid Servant enter'd the Chamber  
 with *Maria* who was come to at-  
 tend her Ladies, and to inform them  
 that Mr. *Lluelling* begg'd the Honour  
 of their Company to Breakfast: they  
 dress'd, and went down into a Par-  
 lour they had not seen the day before;  
 and here the Lady *Beaumont* was sur-  
 prized with the sight of her Mother's  
 Picture, amongst many others, which  
 were all drawn by the hands of cele-  
 brated Masters; ' My God, *said she*,  
 ' how came this lovely Picture here?  
 ' Alas! my dear Mother, little did I  
 ' think ever to see that Face again!  
 Mr. *Lluelling*, interrupting her, *said*,  
 ' Madam, that Lady was by my Fa-  
 ' ther courted, and beloved so dearly,  
 ' that when she left *England*, he  
 ' seem'd to have lost all he valued,  
 ' fell sick, and soon after died; my  
 ' Mother having left him a Widower,  
 ' dying in Child-birth of me, whom  
 ' he left an Orphan about three Years  
 ' old. This melancholy account I have  
 ' had of his Death, but little thought



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‘ I shou’d have seen a Daughter of  
‘ that Lady’s, or shared my Father’s  
‘ Inclinations, in loving one descended  
‘ from her. Fair *Belinda*, said he,  
‘ turning to the young Lady, do not  
‘ by a cruel Absence from me, kill me  
‘ too.’ *Belinda* blush’d: ‘ Believe  
‘ me, said her Mother, she is much  
‘ inclined to stay with you; and if  
‘ all your Actions correspond with  
‘ what we have already seen, I shall  
‘ never desire to take her from you.’

At these words he bow’d, saying;  
‘ I may be hated by Heaven and you,  
‘ and may she scorn me, when I cease  
‘ to love, to honour, and take care of  
‘ you and her. Madam, till now I  
‘ never loved, my Heart has been in-  
‘ different to all the Sex; but from  
‘ the moment I first look’d on that  
‘ Angel’s Face, where so much Inno-  
‘ cence and Beauty shines, I have not  
‘ asked a Blessing in which she was  
‘ not comprehended; make her mine,  
‘ and I will have all I wish on Earth.’  
Here Tea, Chocolate, and Coffee,  
were brought in, so they turn’d the  
Discourse.

After

After Breakfast they walked into the Gardens, and being come to a lovely Banqueting-House, they went into it, and sat down. Here Mr. *Lluelling* importun'd the Lady to finish the Story of her Misfortunes: 'Madam, *said he*, I left you in a 'dismal Place last night, pray glad 'me with an Account of your Deliverance thence.' I will, *said she*; so continued her Relation in this manner.



#### C H A P. IV.

**B**EING left, as I before told you, imprison'd, and all alone, faint, hungry, and bereft of all Comfort, I did, as most People do, when their own Prudence can help them no farther, I look'd up to God, whose Power can never be limited, and from whom only I could expect my Deliverance: lifting up my Hands, I cry'd, 'Now, my God, help me; I 'am perfectly resign'd to thy Will, 'accept

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‘ accept my Submission, increase my  
‘ Faith and Patience, in proportion to  
‘ the Evils thou hast decreed me to  
‘ suffer : Be to me Food, Liberty, and  
‘ a Husband ; and to my Child a  
‘ Father and Mother.’ Here a Flood  
of Tears interrupted, I could speak  
no more ; after which I grew calm,  
found my Faith increase, my Fears  
abate, and my Soul seem’d arm’d for  
all Events. Thus, Sir, I experienced  
that great Truth, That we have no-  
thing more to do, to be happy and se-  
cure from all the Miseries of Life, but  
to resign our Wills to the Divine Being ;  
nor does Providence ever appear more  
conspicuously than on such Occasions.  
I fell soon into a sweet Slumber,  
which in few Hours so refresh’d me,  
that I awoke a new Creature. About  
ten in the Evening, the Wife and  
Daughter of my Goaler came into  
the Room, bringing me some sour  
Cider to drink, and a piece of Bread :  
a poor Repast, alas ! after such a  
Fatigue as I had undergone ! but I  
took it chearfully, and thankfully.  
The Women seem’d to compassionate  
2 me,



me, and after an Hour's Discourse they both wept with me ; they were Persons of mean Capacities and Education, but were not altogether void of Good Nature and Humanity. Here I remain'd for two long Years, and was delivered by a strange Accident : My Food being very mean, and my Grief great, I soon fell into a languishing Sicknefs ; at length the good Woman inform'd her Husband, that she believed me near Death, and therefore thought it concern'd their Consciences to fetch a Priest to me ; which he consenting to, the Daughter was sent for a Fryar, who was Curate of the Parish. The good Man, whose Out side was mean, as his Inside was rich, soon came ; but believe me, Sir, his Understanding and Goodness was such, that it might justly have preferr'd him to a Mitre : his Name was Father *Benedict* ; he was the Son of a Lord, and had refused all Dignities, purely out of his great Humility, for which reason he chose to live in this obscure Place. He approach'd me with such Compassion

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sion in his Looks, as encouraged me to hear him without Prejudice : I was then so weak I could not rise ; he ask'd me many Questions, How I came there ? Why I was thus confined ? and being truly inform'd of all, spoke of my Father-in-law with much Dislike : ' God forbid, *said he*, our ' Faith should be propagated by such ' detestable Means as these : Madam, ' I am sensible of your Wrongs, and ' will deliver you, or die in the Attempt.' He never urged me farther as to my Religion, but advising me to Secrecy, not thinking the Women proper to repose Confidence in ; he came every Day to visit me, bringing in his Bosom Wine and Meat to comfort and strengthen me, which, with the reviving Hopes of Liberty, soon restored me to Health : And now he study'd how to complete his good Work, by getting me thence, which he thus effected : He came to me one Afternoon, bringing another Brother of his Order with him, who had a double Habit on ; in this religious Disguise I dress'd myself, and Father

*Bene-*

*Benedict* going into the Room where the Goaler's Wife and Daughter were sitting, who, at his coming, as usual, left my Chamber; he held them in discourse whilst Father *Anthony* and I went down, and past the Gate by my Goaler, who civilly bid us Good-night. I was conducted by this good Father to a little Hermitage on the top of a Hill near the Convent he belong'd to: Father *Benedict* came soon after to us, and here we consulted what to do; they agreed that I should stay there for some Days concealed, that then Father *Anthony* should go with me to *Grandvil*, from whence he should send me to *England*, that being a Sea-Port less frequented, and consequently less dangerous for me, than *St. Malo's*. I stay'd in this Hermitage five Days, they bringing me Food: No Search was made after me, because the Goaler fearing to be ruined, when they mist me, went away to Monsieur *de Maintenon*, and told him I was dead of a Spotted Fever, and they were forced to dig a Grave, and throw me  
into



*Madam de Beaumont.* 49

into it the same Night, for fear of Infection; of which News he was very glad, and Christian Burial being not allow'd to Hereticks, he did not regret the manner of my Burial, but rewarded the Goaler, who return'd joyful to his miserable Home. The good Father *Anthony* and I set out for *Grandvill*; my Cowle and Frock, with a long pair of Beads ty'd to my Hempen Girdle, made me appear a perfect *Capuchin*: We arriv'd safe at a Convent, where, being refresh'd, we went to the Port; there we found a *Guernsey* Ship just ready to depart for *Southampton*; and here the good Priest, to complete his Generosity, gave me a Purse of Gold to pay for my Passage, and assist me to get to my home: he gave me many Blessings at parting, and I return'd him innumerable Thanks, promising ever to pray for him and Father *Benedict*, which I am bound to do. I arriv'd in *England* on the 17th of *March*, 1707-8. and from *Southampton* hired Horses and a Guide to this Place; at the Post-House, I parted

C

with

with and discharged the Man and Horses, and walked to my dear Cave, where my Child and Servants received me with such Transport, as if I had been risen from the Dead: and here I resolved to stay the remainder of my days, unless Providence, by some Miracle, restores my dear Lord to me, of whom I have never been able to get any Tidings, not daring to return to *France* again. • Madam, *answer'd Mr. Lluelling*, I will be the Person who shall do you that Service, be pleased only to consent to remain in my House, where you are from this day Mistress; send for your Furniture from the Cave, and make this, which is far more commodious, your Abode, and I will forthwith to *France*, to learn all that is possible of your Lord. The Ladies accepted with Joy his Offer, and now he pass'd some Days agreeably with them, whilst all things were getting ready for his departure to *France*. In this time he study'd both how to divert them, and secure the young Lady's Heart, with whom he  
long'd

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long'd to talk in private, hoping to be satisfy'd what Sentiments she had of him; to do which, he sought a fit Opportunity.



C H A P. V.

**T**HE young Lady was now, by the little God *Cupid*, render'd more thoughtful than usual, and lov'd to retire from Company, often frequented the Grove, and shady Walks. One Evening, some Ladies whom Mr. *Lluelling* had brought acquainted with his Guests, were playing at Cards with the Lady *Beaumont*, *Belinda* stole into the Garden to walk alone; her Lover, whose Eyes watch'd all her Steps, soon follow'd. ' Now, fair *Belinda*,  
' *said he*, Fate has given me the  
' happy Moment I have so long  
' wish'd for; here we are alone, no  
' Spys to overhear: Ah! tell me,  
' charming Maid, what may I hope?  
' Am I beloved again? or must I



' die unblest'd? Tho I must be all  
 ' my days the most unhappy of Man-  
 ' kind, if you refuse me that fair  
 ' Hand; yet believe me, lovely Vir-  
 ' gin, I would not force your Incl-  
 ' nation for an Empire, nor occasion  
 ' you one Moment's Uneasiness, tho  
 ' to enjoy you, which would be to me  
 ' the greatest Bliss my Soul could  
 ' know: speak, and let that charm-  
 ' ing Mouth pronounce my Doom.'

*Belinda* quite unpractis'd in the  
 cunning Arts of her ingenious Sex,  
 her Face o'er-spread with Blushes,  
 answer'd, ' Sir, the Passion of Love, I  
 ' think, I am a stranger to; but this  
 ' I own, I have a grateful Sense of all  
 ' the generous Treatment we have  
 ' received from you: I don't dislike  
 ' your Person, nor disapprove your  
 ' Passion, if sincere, but do not think  
 ' myself of years to chuse a Husband;  
 ' my Mother must dispose of me, for  
 ' she has both Wisdom and Experi-  
 ' ence, 'tis her Commands must guide  
 ' my Choice.' ' Ah! must I then,  
 ' *said he*, owe that to her Commands,  
 ' that I would only owe to you?  
 ' Say,

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‘ Say, should she command you to  
‘ receive another in your Arms, wou’d  
‘ you consent to see me wretched,  
‘ cursing my Fate, and dying at your  
‘ Feet, and make another happy with  
‘ my Ruin?’ ‘ Press me no more, *she*  
‘ *cry’d*, you have urg’d me to a Point  
‘ I cannot answer to.’ At these words  
she fainted in his Arms; Joy and  
Fear, at that Instant, did so divide  
his Soul, he knew not what he did:  
he took her in his Arms, and bore  
her to his own Chamber, laid her on  
his Bed, and there, in Transports,  
view’d her reviving Beauties, saw  
the Roses return to her pale Cheeks,  
and her Eyes open to behold the  
Man she lov’d; and here he gain’d a  
Promise from her to be his. Here  
they join’d Lips and Hands, for Fate  
had join’d their Hearts before, and  
bound themselves in sacred Vows, to  
be for ever true to one another; then  
he, reflecting on his Indiscretion, led  
her to her Chamber, where, repeat-  
ing his Protestations and Embraces,  
he left her. Full of Joy he rejoin’d  
the Company, where he appear’d so

gay and chearful, that it was easy to imagine something more than usual had happen'd to him: In some time, the Company taking leave, the Lady *Beaumont* ask'd for her Daughter, and was told she was not well in her Chamber; thither the Lady went, and found *Belinda* so disorder'd, that she was much surpriz'd, but could not guess the Reason, till *Maria*, who had seen from the Window Mr. *Ltelling* carry her in his Arms into the House from the Garden, whisper'd her Lady, which fill'd her with such Suspensions, that she was almost distracted; she desired *Belinda* to go down to Supper, and take the Air, thinking it wiser to conceal her Thoughts, than ask Questions, hoping to discover by their Behaviour what had pass'd. No sooner did *Belinda* enter the Parlour, where her Lover waited their coming to Supper, which was then upon the Table, but his Eyes sparkled, and her Colour chang'd, and both trembled; at Supper his Eyes were continually turn'd upon her, and hers cast down: he seem'd



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seem'd more tender and officious than ever, she more shy. After Supper they walked into the Garden, and there Mr. *Lluelling* thus put an end to the old Lady's pain: 'Madam, *said he*, you are, I am certain, too clear-sighted not to have observed something in my Looks and Behaviour this Evening, that must inform you, that the charming *Belinda* and I have had an interview alone, much to my Satisfaction, nor do I doubt but somebody has whisper'd it to you already; I saw at Table how you watch'd our Eyes and Looks, and to prevent all Suspicions that may ruin our Peace, I tell you, she has this happy Day made herself mine, and to morrow-morning, if you bless me with your Consent, we will be marry'd; for I cannot leave *Wales* before I have secured my Charmer from the Temptations she might be expos'd to in my Absence, which, when a Wife, she will be freed from.' The old Lady gladly consented, and the next Morning they went privately in

the Coach to a Village, where the Ceremony was perform'd to the Satisfaction of all Parties. The next day it was publick Talk, and Mr. *Lluelling* show'd his Joy, by treating all his Country Relations and Tenants for ten days together ; all which time he kept open House. In this Juncture there came down from *London*, to pay him a Visit, a young Gentleman who was his Cousin-German, and had long wish'd his Death, no doubt, because he was his Heir, if he died without Issue. This young Man, Mr. *Lluelling* had always lov'd and bred up as his Son, having bought him Chambers in the *Temple*, where he, like most Gentlemen of this Age, had forgot the noble Principles, and virtuous Precepts, he brought to Town with him, and acquir'd all the fashionable Vices that give a Man the Title of a fine Gentleman : he was a Contemner of Marriage, cou'd drink, dissemble, and deceive to Perfection ; had a very handsome Person, an excellent Wit, and was most happy in expressing his Thoughts elegantly ;  
these

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these Talents he always employ'd in seducing the Fair, or engaging the Affection of his Companions, who doated upon him, because he was cunning and daring, could always lead them on to Pleasures, or bring them nicely off, if frustrated in any vicious Designs. His Name was Mr. *Charles Owen Glandore*: this Gentleman was received by his Kinsman with much Joy and Affection; he assured him he shou'd not be slighted or forgotten, tho he was marry'd; he brought him to his Lady, recommending him to her Favour. And now the time approach'd when Mr. *Lluelling* was to go for *France*, all things being ready; he thought none more proper than his Kinsman (who had by this time gain'd the Lady's Esteem) to take care of his Affairs in his Absence; he therefore desired him to stay, till his Return, with his Wife, and Mother-in-law, who would by that means be eased of some Care and Trouble; and so taking leave, in the most tender manner, of his charming Bride, he set sail for *France*, in a



*The* LIFE of  
small Vessel which he hir'd on purpose  
to go for *St. Malo's*, and wait his  
Return, proposing to be back in *Wales*  
in a Month or Six Weeks time.



## CHAP. VI.

**M**R. *Lluelling* being now gone,  
Mr. *Glandore*, his young Kins-  
man, had the Pleasure of entertain-  
ing the Ladies, and frequent Oppor-  
tunities of being alone with *Belinda* :  
his Kinsman's Fortune was all at his  
Command, and having unfortunatel-  
ly cast his Eyes on her, whom he no  
sooner saw, but he loved; he strove  
to gain her Affection, and charm her  
Virtue asleep, by all the Arts imagi-  
nable: he dress'd magnificently, gave  
them new Diversions every day, was  
gay and entertaining, study'd how  
to gratify all her Wishes; and in fine,  
was so assiduous and tender of both  
the Ladies, that had *Belinda's* Heart  
not been pre-engaged, he would cer-  
tainly have gained both that and her  
Mo-

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Mother's Consent. Being now grown intimate and familiar with both, *Belinda* did not scruple sometimes to walk with him in the Gardens, Grove, and Fields; and when her Mother was engag'd with grave Company, courted these Opportunities of slipping out with him, whom she believed honourable and virtuous as herself, and loved as a Brother. He being perfectly skill'd in the Arts of his subtle Sex, resolved never to discover his base Design to her, till he was well assured she lik'd him, and a fit Opportunity offer'd in a Place where he might ruin her, without being prevented; for he was resolved to enjoy her, tho by Force, and determined to run all Dangers rather than miss of what his headstrong Passion persuaded him he could not live without. He knew the time was but short before Mr. *Eluelling* would return, and therefore he must be quick in executing what he design'd; he had a Servant whom he had left in Town, who was a Pimp to all his Pleasures, a Fellow who was wicked, bold,

bold, and in fine, such a one as was fit to carry on any vitious or base Design, secret and proper for his vile Purpose: him he sent for; he came down, and they contrived the poor *Belinda's* Undoing. At the bottom of the Grove, which was a quarter of a Mile distant from the House, was a fine Summer-House; hither one Evening he led her, whilst her Mother was engaged at Cards with some Ladies who were come to visit her.

When *Belinda* and he came to the Grove, he persuaded her to go up into the Summer-House, into which they were no sooner enter'd, but he shut to the Door, saying, ' Madam, be not surprized, but  
' hearken to what I am going to  
' say, and answer me.' Here he threw himself upon his Knees; ' Charming  
' *Belinda*, said he, I love you, I  
' even die to possess you; oblige me  
' not to use Force, where I would  
' use only Prayers, make me this  
' moment the most transported, the  
' most happy Man alive, or else I  
      ' must



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‘ must convey you to a Place where  
‘ I shall make you comply, and per-  
‘ haps make us both wretched: here  
‘ we can have Opportunities without  
‘ being discover’d, and may enjoy  
‘ one another without publick Scandal  
‘ and Noife; but if I take you hence,  
‘ I must live with you in Obscurity,  
‘ and if we are discover’d, kill your  
‘ Husband in my own Defence and  
‘ yours; or dying, leave you to his  
‘ Reproaches, and publick Disgrace.  
‘ You are, I know, with Child, and  
‘ therefore need fear no Discovery.’

Here he drew forth a Pistol; ‘ Look  
‘ not round about, *said he*, for Help,  
‘ Death stands between this Door and  
‘ him that dares to enter; I have  
‘ those at hand that make all safe for  
‘ me to act.’ *Belinda*, who had now  
no other Arms but Prayers and  
Tears, to defend her Virtue withal,  
threw herself at his Feet, saying,  
‘ Oh! cruel, faithless Man, what Joy  
‘ can you receive in the Ruin of a Per-  
‘ son who can ne’er be lawfully yours?  
‘ Consider the sad Consequence of such  
‘ a Deed, which you will doubtless  
‘ repent

• repent of: By Heaven, I'll never give  
 • Consent, and if you force me like a  
 • Brute, what Satisfaction will you  
 • reap? I shall then hate and scorn  
 • you, loath your Embraces, and if I  
 • ever escape your hands again, sure  
 • Vengeance will o'ertake you; nay,  
 • you shall drag me sooner to my  
 • Grave, than to your Bed; I will  
 • resist to Death, and curse you with  
 • my last Breath: but if you spare  
 • me, my Prayers and Blessings shall  
 • attend you, nay, I will pity and  
 • forgive you.' 'I'm deaf to all that  
 • you can plead against my Love, *he*  
 • *cry'd*, yield, or I'll force you hence.'  
 • No, *says she*, I'll rather die; now,  
 • Villain, I will hate you: help and  
 • defend me, Heaven.

Here he seized her Hands, his Man  
 at the same instant entering, gagg'd  
 and bound her; then they blindfolded  
 her, and Mr. *Glandore* carry'd her  
 down, putting her into a Coach,  
 where, drawing up the Canvasses, he  
 held her in his Lap, whilst his Man  
 drove them over the Hills across  
 the Country, with design to reach a  
 Village

*Madam de Beaumont.* 63

Village fifty Miles distant, where Mr. *Glandore* had procured a Place to receive them; being an old ruinous Castle, where none but an old Man and his Family resided, who spoke nothing but *Welsh*, lived on what was produced about the Place, and never saw a Market-Town, so that he could keep her there without fear of Discovery. To be enabled for this, he had taken a considerable Sum of Money of his Kinsman's in the Coach, and had besides some Fortune of his own: they chang'd Horses on the Road twice, all things being before provided, and travell'd all night, he taking the impudent Liberty of kissing her as he pleased. About five in the Morning they were in sight of this dismal Place; here he stopt the Coach: she being swooned away in his Arms, he unbound and gave her some Wine; but before he could bring her to herself, he saw four Men in Vizards, well mounted, coming up to the Coach, which made him leap out, to be upon his Guard: his guilty Conscience made him tremble,  
for



for tho he was brave on other Occasions, yet now he was not so ; Heaven that had permitted him to act this Villany, still protects Innocence, and had prepared its Judgments to o'ertake him. These Men were Robbers, who lived concealed in these desolate Mountains ; they went to seize him, he resisted, his Man coming down to help his Master, was shot dead, and in the Dispute the unfortunate *Glandore* was kill'd.

During this Scuffle, the unhappy *Belinda* reviv'd ; they dragg'd her out of the Coach, which whilst they were rifling, a Company of Clowns, who were going to a Fair about twenty Miles thence, with Horses to sell, came up, at whose Approach the Thieves fled. By these honest Countrymen the Lady was relieved, but they could speak nothing but *Welsh*, so that she could not make them understand one word : one of them got up into the Coach-box, and drove the Lady to his Landlord's House, where he gave an Account of what had pass : the Son of the Gentleman was at home,

*Madam de Beaumont.* 65

home, but his Father was elsewhere ; he was a very accomplish'd young Gentleman, well bred, handsome, about 20 Years of Age: he and his Father, who had in this Place purchased a small Estate, lived very private, for Reasons that shall be hereafter declared: he was known by the Name of Mr. *Hide*. He received the young Lady in a manner so courtly, that it was easy to guess he had been educated in Palaces, and convers'd with Princes; having treated her in the highest manner with Wine and Food, he begg'd to know who she was: she prudently conceal'd her Name, Family, and all the Transactions of her Life, telling him only that she was coming this way with her Brother, who was the unfortunate Gentleman, whom the Thieves had kill'd, and came from *Swansey*, to which Place she begg'd he would send some of his Servants back with her, and it would be the greatest Favour he could do her. This he promised to do, but, alas! the blind God had already wounded his Breast; he  
gazed

gazed upon her with Transport, and resolved not to part with her on any Terms. The Coach being clean'd and put up by the Servants, they found the Sum of Gold *Glandore* had put up in the Seat, and honestly brought it to the Lady, who genteely gave them five Guineas to drink : this Largess, the Greatness of the Sum, which was fifteen hundred Pieces, and her Habit, made Mr. *Hide* conclude she was some Person of Distinction ; which the more inflamed his Desires to know who she was. He entertain'd her magnificently, but put off from day to day her Departure, saying she must stay till his Father came, and then he would wait on her home himself. She too well guess'd the reason of his prolonging her stay, and having so lately escaped from the hands of a desperate Lover, was dreadfully alarm'd at this new Misfortune : he behav'd himself with such Modesty and Respect, that she cou'd not complain, but still she fear'd it was like *Glandore's* Cunning, only to procure an  
Oppor-



*Madam de Beaumont.* 67

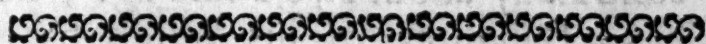
Opportunity to undo her : She was wholly in his power, having none but Servants in the House, who spoke nothing but *Welsh* ; this made her very reserved. At last he declared himself to her, as they were sitting together after Dinner, the Servants being all withdrawn : ‘ Madam, *said he*, ‘ Providence that brought you hither, did it, I hope, for both our ‘ Happiness ; I no sooner saw you, ‘ but my Soul adored you ; I am by ‘ Birth much nobler than I appear to ‘ be, our Years are agreeable, I will ‘ omit nothing that can gain your ‘ Affection, nor think any Pains too ‘ much, or Time too long to obtain ‘ you. Charming Fair, why do you ‘ fear and avoid me ? why treat me ‘ with such Coldness and Reserve ? ‘ Am I disliked, and must I languish, ‘ sigh, and beg in vain ? Never can ‘ I cease to love you, till I cease to ‘ live ; permit me then to hope, if not ‘ I am resolved to die a Victim to ‘ your Disdain ; forbid me not to follow you, for I must disobey, I cannot bear your Absence, nor consent  
‘ to

‘ to live, and see a happy Rival possess you.’ Here he seiz’d her Hand, and in a great Disorder kiss’d it. ‘ Forbear, Sir, *said* Belinda, I never can be yours, I am already marry’d, and with Child.’ Here she related to him, how *Glandore* had stolen her away.

At these Words a death-like Paleness overspread his Face, a cold Sweat trickled down her Cheeks. ‘ My God, *said* he, it is enough ; Madam, I will no more importune you, fear nothing from me, Virtue and Honour are as dear to me as you ; since you cannot be mine, I ask no more, but that you’ll stay and see me die, and not detest my Memory, since Vice has no share in my Soul.’ Here he fainted, and was by the Servants carry’d to his Chamber : *Belinda* wept, her Heart was young and tender, and the Honour he had shown, touch’d her Soul so nearly, that she much lamented his Misfortune, and could not consent with ease to let him die ; therefore she strove with Reason to assuage his Grief,

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Grief, and cure his Passion: But in vain, he fell into an intermitting Fever, and grew so weak, that he cou'd not rise without Help, yet would every Day be taken up, and brought into the Parlour where she sat. And here we must leave them, and return to enquire after the Lord *Beaumont* and Mr. *Lluelling*.



C H A P. VII.

**M**R. *Lluelling* arrived safe at *St. Malo's*, July the 30th, 1717, and went, as the Lady *Beaumont* had directed, with a Letter to the Gentleman's House, where she had been received at her being in *France*, but he was dead; so that he was obliged to go thence without much Information of what he wanted. But it being now a time when *France* and *England* were at Peace, he had nothing to fear, he went therefore directly to *Coutance*, and there lodg'd at the best Inn, where he enquired for the Governour



*Monfieur de Maintenon* : They told him he was long fince dead, but the young Marquifs, his Son, was ftill alive, but had quitted all his Employments, being retired into the Country. ‘ Is he a fingle Man ? *faid Mr. Lluelling.* ‘ Yes, Sir, *faid the Inn-keeper,* he is a Widower for the fecond time, having bury’d his fecond Lady about two Years ago ; he has a Daughter of his Wife’s by a firft Husband, who is one of the beautifulleft Children, and will be the greateft Fortune in this Province.’

*Mr. Lluelling* was impatient to fee him, fo ftay’d no longer there than that Night : The next Morning he fet out with his two Servants which he took along with him from *Wales*, and arrived that Night at a Village which was about three Miles fhort of the Marquifs’s Seat : It being late, he ftay’d at the Village that Night, and the next Morning went to the Marquifs’s, whom it was no eafy matter to fpeak with, for he was deny’d to all Company, but fome particular

Friends.

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Friends. Mr. *Lluelling* sent him word, by his Gentleman who was call'd to him, that he came from *Wales* express, to bring him News of some Persons whom he would be much overjoy'd to hear of.

The Marquis no sooner received this Message, but he came down and receiv'd him in much Disorder; he was dress'd in Mourning, and look'd like a Man half dead: My Lord, ' *said he*, I doubt not but I shall be ' welcome, since I come from your ' virtuous Lady *Belinda*; she lives, ' has a Daughter, who is my Wife, ' to present to you; such a one, that ' you may glory to be the Father of.' Here he presented him a Letter from his Wife, at the sight of which, the Tears ran down his Face, and he fainted away, Joy having so overpower'd his Faculties, that they lost their Power to perform their Functions. Mr. *Lluelling* supported him till he recover'd, and then he broke out into these passionate Expressions: ' My God, am I alive! do I wake! ' can this be true! Is my *Belinda*, ' my

‘ my Joy, my All, still living? Is the  
 ‘ precious Pledge of our mutual Af-  
 ‘ fection born, and preserved to this  
 ‘ Day? Oh! mitigate my Transport,  
 ‘ or strengthen my Faculties! Do I  
 ‘ here find a Son?’ *Here he embrac-*  
*ed Mr. Lluelling.* ‘ Oh! welcome,  
 ‘ welcome, ten thousand times; I  
 ‘ want Expressions to speak my Gra-  
 ‘ titude to my God and you.’

Here they sat down, the Marquiss  
 call’d for Wine, and now Mr. *Llu-*  
*elling* related to him all the Adven-  
 tures that had befallen his Lady since  
 their parting: But when he related  
 Monsieur *de Maintenon*’s cruel U-  
 sage of her, the Marquiss wept. ‘ And  
 ‘ now, my Lord, *said Mr. Lluelling,*  
 ‘ I should be glad to know your Sto-  
 ‘ ry, but we will defer that to some  
 ‘ other time; ’tis Joy enough to me  
 ‘ that I find you here alive.’ *The*  
*Marquiss answer’d,* ‘ That Story  
 ‘ will serve to entertain us in our  
 ‘ Journey to *St. Malo*’s, and Voyage  
 ‘ to *Wales*: I must now order my  
 ‘ Affairs to go thither, for my Impa-  
 ‘ tience to see my dear *Belinda*, and  
 ‘ my



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‘ my Child, is such, that I can think  
‘ of nothing else.’ Mr. *Lluelling* was  
entertain’d here so magnificently, that  
he was even surprized. The young  
Lady, Daughter-in-law to the Mar-  
quiss, whose Name was *Isabella*, was  
so beautiful and witty, that Mr. *Lluel-  
ling* thought her equal to his Wife :  
She was then thirteen, and the Mar-  
quiss was very fond of her ; she begg’d  
to accompany her Father, to see her  
new Mother and Sister, and at last  
prevail’d to go with them. In few days  
all things were ready for their depar-  
ture, the Servants were order’d to re-  
pair to the Marquiss’s Seat at *Coutance*,  
to be ready to receive their Lady ; the  
whole Country rang of this strange  
Adventure : The Marquiss set out,  
attended by only two of his own  
Servants, and Mr. *Lluelling*’s two,  
with the Lady *Isabella*, and her Wo-  
man : They arrived at *St. Malo’s*, and  
the next Morning set sail with a fair  
Wind for *Wales*, in the Vessel that  
attended Mr. *Lluelling*.

And now being aboard. he impor-  
tuned the Marquiss to relate his Ad-

D

ventures

ventures in *Sweden*, which he willingly condescended to, and began the Narrative of his Misfortunes in this manner :



## C H A P. VIII.

**Y**OU have heard how, my Father and I quarrelling, I left *France*, supposing my dear Wife dead ; and considering him as the principal cause of her Death. I had continued with him about six Months before I resolved to be gone ; I was fallen into so deep a Melancholy, that I was regardless of every thing, but fearing my Death, he so importuned me to re-assume my usual Chearfulness and Gayety, that at length he obliged me to discover my Resentments, declare the Reasons of my being uneasy in his Presence, and Resolution to continue no longer in *France*. I had writ several Letters to my Wife's Uncle, but receiving no Answer, I concluded him also dead, and therefore order'd all

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all my Affairs to depart for *Sweden*, determining to seek a noble Death in the Field, under that glorious Monarch, the last King of *Sweden*. I took no more but three Servants to attend me, having remitted Money sufficient to purchase an Employment, and answer my Expences. I no sooner arriv'd at *Stockholm*, but I obtain'd the Command of a Regiment, and after having courted Death in many Skirmishes and bloody Battles, I was unfortunately in the last that brave King fought with the Czar, taken Prisoner, my whole Regiment, and the greatest part of the Army, being destroy'd, I fell full of Wounds amongst the Slain: But upon the *Muscovites* stripping the Dead, they found some Signs of Life in me, and judging by my Habit that I was some Person of Distinction, they carried me to a Tent near the General's, where they dress'd my Wounds, and with Cordials brought me to the use of my Reason again, to my great Grief. I continued so ill and weak, for three Months, that they



had small hopes of recovering me : in this time I was removed to a Town call'd *Toropierz*, where the General had a Country-Seat. In this Place I was very civilly entertain'd, the General having taken a great liking to me, and here he much persuaded me to enter into the Czar's Service, saying, that being a Native of *France*, and no Subject of *Sweden*, having paid for my Employment there, he thought I was under no Obligation to the King of *Sweden*, and that his Master should engage me to his Service, by giving me a Command under him. I answer'd, That having voluntarily drawn my Sword in the King of *Sweden's* Defence, Honour obliged me never to quit it; that I was highly obliged to him for his generous Offers, and should upon all Occasions return the Obligation. He smiled, seeming to applaud my Resolution, but told me he should, he believed, find an Advocate that should prevail with me, otherwise he should set a Ransom so great upon me, knowing my Worth,

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that he believed he should have the pleasure of my Company long ; and since he could not engage me to serve his Prince, he would, if possible, prevent my fighting against him.

At these Words he took me by the Hand, and led me to his Wife's Apartment, where were his two Sons, and Wife, with his only Daughter, a Maid of fourteen Years of Age, beautiful as Nature ever form'd ; she was tall, slender, fair as *Venus*, her Eyes blue, bright, and languishing ; her Hair was light brown, and every Feature of her Face had a Charm ; but, Son, her Conversation was enchanting, as I afterwards experienced. The General presented me to his Sons, two lovely young Men, whose Looks and Habit spoke their Worth and Quality. ' Here Children, *said he*, is the bravest Enemy our Emperor has ; a Man who is so dear to me, that if you can make him our Monarch's Friend, you will oblige me in the most sensible manner ; use all your utmost Skill to gain him.' Then he took

*Zara*, his fair Daughter, by the Hand, presenting her to me, ‘ Here is the dearest thing I have in the World, *said he*, I give you leave to love her ; nay, will bestow her upon you, to secure your Friendship : if her Eyes cannot prevail, our Eloquence cannot succeed.’ Here he left us, and from this Day I was caress’d by all the Family ; and *Zara*, the charmingest Advocate that ever sued to gain a Heart, try’d all her Arts ; she danced, sung, dress’d, and trying to ensnare me, unfortunately lost herself, for, alas ! she loved me, and had not my whole Soul been fill’d with the bright Idea of my *Belinda*, it would have been impossible for me to have resisted her Charms. At length I generously told her, as we were sitting alone in a Drawing-Room, it being the cold Season of the Year, when we were obliged to sit in warm Rooms ; ‘ Charming *Zara*, *said I*, it would be cruel and ungrateful in me, not to deal ingenuously with you ; I own you are the most lovely, the most accomplish’d  
‘ Maid



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• Maid my Eyes ever saw, there is  
• nothing wanting in you to make a  
• Man completely happy ; you have  
• Wisdom, Beauty, and Virtue, and  
• God never made any Work more  
• perfect : but, alas ! Fairest of your  
• Sex, I am a Man unworthy of that  
• Affection, which given to another,  
• would set him above Monarchs ;  
• my Choice was long since made,  
• my Heart is a Captive to one like  
• yourself, who was my Wife ; one  
• in whose Arms I slept more glori-  
• ous and content, than Eastern Kings ;  
• a Lady who is no more, yet one  
• whose Memory is so dear to me,  
• that I am grown insensible to all  
• your Sex : her bright Idea fills my  
• Mind, in Dreams I'm nightly hap-  
• py, pursue her Shadow, and em-  
• brace her heavenly Form ; and when  
• awake, still long for Death, in hopes  
• to meet her in the glorious Regions  
• where the happy Souls shall meet  
• again : look then no more upon a  
• Wretch, who can make no Returns  
• to your invaluable Bounties.' *Zara*  
beheld me all this while as one ama-  
D 4 zed,

zed, the Roses forsook her Cheeks,  
and finding I had done, she thus  
began : ' Unfortunate *Beaumont*,  
' are you enamour'd of a Ghost?  
' Must the Dead rise to rob the  
' wretched *Zara* of your Heart?  
' Why did you not forewarn me ere  
' I was undone? Ye Powers, why  
' does my Vengeance stay to stab the  
' Wretch that is a Witness to my  
' Folly; I never loved before, she  
' whom you loved is buried in the  
' Grave: Can you consent to sacri-  
' fice me to her Ghost? Can you en-  
' joy a Shadow? consider ere you  
' bid me die; I will not live and be  
' despised.' ' Forgive me Heaven,  
' *said I*, may a Thought like that  
' ne'er enter your Soul; may *Zara*  
' live, and be most happy: gladly I'd  
' die to save your Life, but cannot  
' make a second Choice.'

Here we were interrupted, and af-  
ter this she shunn'd me, and for some  
Months kept much within her Cham-  
ber, grew sick, and alter'd, which  
much alarm'd the Family; and I con-  
fess, my Thoughts were much con-  
fused;

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fused ; sometimes I thought to marry her, and run all hazards to make her happy : but then *Belinda* might be still alive, and then I were undone, and my Peace lost for ever.

One Morning *Barintha*, *Zara's* Governess, came hastily into my Chamber : ‘ Sir, said she, if you will ever see my Lady more, come now, for she’s expiring.’ I follow’d her, and found *Zara* in the Agonies of Death ; she fix’d her dying Eyes upon me, grasp’d my Hand, and faintly cry’d, ‘ Farewel, cruel, but faithful *Beaumont*, adieu ; I go to seek the Ghost of her that murders me. I loved you, could not live without you, and therefore drank a poisonous Draught last night to free me ; forgive me, Heaven, since Life was insupportable : ah ! pray for me, dear Cause of my sad Fate, I’m going I know not where.’ Here her Tongue falter’d, her Agonies increased, and in few Moments she expired. At this Instant my Grief was such, that had I not been a Christian, I had surely ended my Life and Misfor-



tunes together ; I kiss'd her pale Face and Lips a hundred times, wept over her, and then retreated to my Chamber, threw myself upon my Bed, refused to eat, and by next morning was seized with a violent Fever, which robb'd me of my Reason for some Days, at the end of which, my Disease being something abated, I saw *Zara's* two Brothers enter my Chamber, with four Soldiers ; the eldest loaded me with Reproaches for his Sister's Death, to which I was unable to reply through Weakness. At last they took me out of my Bed, pinion'd me, and set me upon a Horse, the four Soldiers riding by me as a Guard : They went with me over dreadful Mountains and Hills, whose Tops were covered with Snow, and after three Days, and two Nights travelling, in which time they never enter'd any House or Inn, but laid me bound upon the Ground, whilst the Horses fed and rested, giving me Brandy, Bread, and Meat, out of their Snapsacks ; we at last arrived at an old Tower

ON

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on the Borders of *Muscovy*, where they deliver'd me into the Hands of a Goaler, who lodg'd me in a close damp Room, loading me with Irons. Here I remain'd ten Months sick, and had not God's Providence preserv'd me miraculously, I had doubtless died.

Three Months after my Arrival, a young Gentleman was brought Prisoner to this dismal Place, by order of the Czar, who having much Gold to see the Goaler, had the Liberty of walking up and down the Prison; we convers'd together, he much pitied my Misfortune and ill Treatment, and promised to procure my Enlargement, either by his Interest with the General, or Force. His Friends who solicited for him at Court, being unsuccessful, gave him notice that his Case was desperate: upon which we took a Resolution to kill our Goaler, and fight our way out. Accordingly the next Morning we seiz'd him as he enter'd my Chamber, and having knock'd him down with the Bar of a Door that we found  
in.

in my Room, we dispatch'd him, took the Keys, and rush'd by the Centries who kept the Out-Gate; and not knowing where to go, we fled o'er the Mountains towards a Wood in *Tartary*, to which he guided me, where none but Robbers and Out-Laws lived. My Fetters much hinder'd my Speed, being extremely weak, but Fear gave me Strength so that we reached the Wood before night, believing it more safe for us to put our Lives into the Hands of Thieves, than our merciless Enemies. Here we laid down under a Tree to rest, not being able to go farther, and slept some Hours, tho' in danger of Death every Minute, from the wild Beasts who went howling about the Woods for Prey, or more barbarous Men; but God kept us, and awaking, we thought we perceived, at some distance, a Light. Necessity, being in great want of Food, made us venture to the Place. We saw a little Cave, in which a venerable old Man sat reading by a Lamp; we enter'd, saluting him in the *Muscovite*



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*cavite* Language, with ‘ God save  
‘ you, Sir, take pity of us who are  
‘ fled from our Enemies, out of a  
‘ Prison, destitute of Food or Com-  
‘ fort, grant us a Retreat for a few  
‘ Days, or at least a few Hours; we  
‘ are Christians, Catholicks, and one  
‘ of us a Native of *France*.’ At these  
words the old Man rose from his  
Seat, embraced us, and stirring up the  
Embers, made a Fire, and gave us  
Wine and Bread, telling us we were  
welcome: we inform’d him whence  
we came, the Causes of our Confinement.  
At last he turned towards  
me; ‘ Countryman, *said he*, tell me  
‘ what Family you are descended  
‘ from, what Province you were born  
‘ in.’ I inform’d him, then he caught  
me in his Arms as a Man lost in  
Wonder. ‘ My Lord, *said he*, I have  
‘ sought you long, and can disclose  
‘ Wonders to you; my Name is *Anthony*,  
‘ I am a *Capuchin* Fryar,  
‘ who saved your Lady’s Life, and  
‘ came to *Muscovy* on purpose to seek  
‘ you out.’ Here he recounted to us  
how *Belinda* came to *France* in  
search

search of me ; how my Father imprison'd her ! but ere he could finish his Story, a Band of *Tartarian* Robbers enter'd the Cell, seized us, and he importuning them for us, was unfortunately shot by one of the barbarous Villains. They ty'd us back to back, and carry'd us some Miles farther into the Wood, where there were about a hundred of them encamped ; and now we were again Prisoners : Here they lived with their Women all in common, lodging only in Tents, and chiefly supporting their Lives with robbing all Passengers that came near the Wood ; yet tho Barbarians, we found some Humanity amongst them ; they gave us Plenty of Food, took off my Fetters, and offer'd us our Freedom, if we would consent to live with them ; which we accepted, and for some Days were obliged to ride out with them, at the head of twenty or thirty *Tartars*, where we robb'd, getting considerable Booty from some *Persian* Merchants, who were going to *Muscovy* with rich Merchandize. The *Tartars* were so well

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well pleased with our Behaviour and Conduct, that they gave us what we pleased of the Plunder: by this means we were trusted with good Horses, which, tho small, yet were fleet as the Wind.

We did not design to stay here, but sought an Opportunity to escape, which Providence favour'd us withal in this Manner: One morning, at break of day, we went out with a Party in search of a Caravan that we had Information was to pass by that Road; it consisted of about fifty Merchants, Passengers, and Soldiers of several Nations, who were coming from *Persia* to *Muscovy* with Merchandize. We no sooner saw this Company coming up, but the *Tartars* began to shrink; they saw their Enemies well arm'd and numerous, and did not think themselves strong enough to attack them: we set Spurs to our Horses leaving them in this Consternation, and calling to the foremost of the Caravan, in a suppliant manner throwing down our Arms, desired to be heard. Seeing us but  
two,



two, they stopp'd, and upon our declaring ourselves Friends, receiv'd us. We then gave an Account of our Adventures with the *Tartars*, and enquired if any of them were going to *Sweden* or *Germany*: there were two Gentlemen and their Servants going to *Hungary*; these we went along with, leaving the rest: and the young *Muscovite* Lord, not knowing how to provide for himself, I offer'd to carry him with me to *France*, and there take care of him, which he gladly consented to.

Being arrived in *Hungary*, having now but little Money left of what we brought with us of the Plunder we got amongst the Robbers, we were obliged to sell some rich Diamonds we had saved, and hid in our Clothes; and with this Money we procured ourselves Horses, with a couple of Servants to attend us, and so set out for *France* whither I was now determined to return, being weary'd with the many Misfortunes I had met with abroad: and at the end of six Weeks we arrived safely at *Contance*,  
where

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where I found my Father dead, and all my Relations and Friends overjoy'd to see me. I was sorry my Father died ere I had seen him, to have ask'd his Pardon for my Rashness in leaving him, tho he was to blame; yet I believe God punished me for my Disobedience, and 'tis to that Cause that I attribute all my Misfortunes in *Muscovy*.

Being now settled in my Father's Estate, and Posts of Honour, by the King, to whom I paid my Duty at my first Arrival in *France*; he received me with his accustom'd Goodness, reproving me gently for leaving his Service, saying, ' My Lord, Love  
' is an Excuse, I own, for doing many  
' rash inconsiderate things; I don't approve your Father's Proceedings  
' with your Wife; but I and your  
' Country had done you no wrong.  
' 'Tis true, your Father used my  
' Name, which was not well done,  
' but I protest I was ignorant of all, till  
' since your departure from *France*;  
' and had you address'd yourself to  
' me, be assur'd I would have made  
' you easy and happy. I here give  
' you

‘ you all your Father’s Posts of Honour, and doubt not but you’ll as bravely and faithfully discharge the Trust I repose in you, as he did.’ Here the King embrac’d me, and during his Life, I was so happy to have his Favour. I now thought only of my *Belinda*, and examining all my Father’s old Servants, discover’d the Castle where she had been imprison’d; I went thither, found the Goaler dead, but his Wife and Daughter told me she died there of a Spotted Fever, fearing to confess the Truth, that she had escaped from them. I writ to *St. Malo’s* to my Friend, at whose House she had been; he was dead, and I could learn no News of her there.

Thus I remained two whole Years in Suspense; at last tired with the Importunities of my Friends, I resolv’d to marry again. It was now nine Years since I parted from *Belinda*, and I concluded it was impossible that she should be still alive, and I hear nothing from her; nor had I any Hopes till last week, when



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a Fryer came to me, who is just arrived from *Muscovy*, where he had seen Father *Anthony* before I met with him in *Tartary*, and he told me he related to him the cause of his coming thither thus; That Father *Benedict*, soon after he return'd from *Granville*, where he had sent my Wife away, falling sick, enjoin'd him to go to *Sweden* in search of me, in case he died, which he did soon after: and this was the occasion of my meeting that good Father in the Wood, who learning in *Sweden* that I was in *Muscovy* a Prisoner, came thither, but could not discover where I was, so retired to this dismal Place, where we found him; where he begged in the neighbouring Villages, his holy Habit securing him from Injuries. But I concluded, not being able then to get any Information of her, she was dead; and in compliance with my Friends Importunities, marry'd a Lady who was a young Widow, of a great Family and Fortune, having only this lovely Daughter: but, alas! I found myself so miserable

ferable now, that I cannot describe the Tortures of my Mind. I never enter'd my Bed with this Lady, but I shiver'd; she loved me tenderly, but I fancy'd *Belinda's* Ghost pursued me; every Place where she had trod, each Room, brought some new thing to my Remembrance: I talk'd and started in my Sleep. In fine, tho I did all that I was able to conceal my Distraction, all the World perceiv'd it; and my Wife, who was a Lady of great Wisdom and Goodness, and most unfortunate in being mine, was so sensibly touch'd, that she fell into a Consumption, and after having languish'd for two Years, all Means proving unsuccessful to preserve her, she died. In her last Agonies, as I was weeping by her, for indeed I highly respected, tho I cou'd not love her with Passion, and omitted nothing that could oblige or help her; we pull'd me to her, fix'd her Lips on mine, then sigh'd deeply, ' My dear Lord, *said she*, I thank  
' you, you have done more for me,  
' than for your loved *Belinda*; the  
' Constraint

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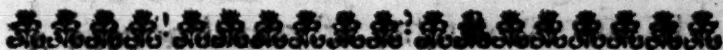
‘ Constraint you have suffer’d upon  
‘ my account, is the greatest Obliga-  
‘ tion ; I am now going, I doubt not,  
‘ to Rest, and hope to meet you again  
‘ in Glory ; let my child be your chief  
‘ Care ; and if the tender Affection I  
‘ have borne you, merits any thing,  
‘ show your Esteem of me, by your  
‘ Love to her. I die, ’tis true, by  
‘ having had too deep a Sense of your  
‘ Misfortune, in not loving me ; but,  
‘ my Lord, believe me, ’tis with Plea-  
‘ sure that I leave the World, since it  
‘ will set you free : could you have  
‘ loved me, as you did *Belinda*, I  
‘ should have been desirous to live  
‘ long ; but since you cannot, I wish  
‘ to die.’ Here she again embraced  
and kiss’d me, then turn’d to her  
Confessor, who stood on the other  
side the Bed ; ‘ Father, *said she*, I  
‘ have now done with the World, and  
‘ all its Weaknesses ; I’ll grieve no  
‘ more for mortal things, but fix my  
‘ Thoughts on Heaven.’ We all with-  
drew but the good Father, and in a-  
bout an hour she departed, leaving me  
most disconsolate. For some Months



I kept my Chamber, and then resolved to retire, and quit all publick Business; I went to the King, took my leave of him, recommending the *Muscovite* Lord to him, to whom he gave a Company of Dragoons: then I retired to my Country-Seat, where you found me.

Thus the Marquis finish'd his Relation; they past the remainder of this Day, and the next, very agreeably. In the Evening of the fifth Day, the Sky began to darken, the Wind blew, and about midnight a dreadful Storm arose; at length the Pilot was obliged to quit the Government of the Ship, and let her drive before the Wind. At break of day they found themselves in the *Irish* Seas, and not far from Land; their Rigging was all torn, their Mast shatter'd, and it was in vain for them to attempt going for *Wales*, before they had repair'd their Vessel, and refreshed themselves; therefore they made in for Land, and cast Anchor at *Wexford*, in the Country of *Rosse*, in *Ireland*.

*land.* They went ashore with the Captain, and lodged at an Inn whilst the Sailors refitted the Ship.



C H A P. IX.

**I**N the time of their stay at *Wexford*, they were curious to see the Country, and the Marquis and Mr. *Lluelling* frequently rid out to view the adjacent Towns and Villages, leaving the young Lady *Isabella* with her Servants. One Evening they lost their way returning home, and wandering about, found themselves near a Wood: it was almost dark, and they knew not whither to go; they therefore made a stand, consulting what to do. At last they espy'd an old Man with a Candle and Lanthorn coming towards them, in very poor Habit, and a Beard down to his Breast. 'Honest Man, said Mr. 'Lluelling, can you direct us to some safe Place to lodge in to-night? or  
' put

‘ put us in the way to *Wexford*?  
‘ To *Wexford*, Sir! *said he*, you can-  
‘ not reach that to night: in the  
‘ morning I’ll put you in the way;  
‘ but for to-night, if you’ll accept a  
‘ Lodging in my poor Cottage hard  
‘ by, you are welcome.’ They glad-  
ly accepted his Offer, and follow’d  
him into the Wood, tho something  
afraid, lest he should betray them  
into the hands of Robbers, of which  
there are many times Gangs that re-  
treat to such Places. At length they  
came to a poor Clay Cottage, where  
a Boy stood at the Door; the good  
Man bid them alight, which they did,  
taking their Pistols in their hands,  
the Boy taking their Horses: they  
found the Place neat, and not desti-  
tute of Necessaries; the Man enter-  
tain’d them handsomely, bringing  
out Venison-Pasty, Wine, and dry’d  
Tongues. ‘ Gentlemen, *said he*, eat  
‘ heartily, and spare not; we’ll drink  
‘ the King’s Health before we part.’  
The Marquis and Mr. *Lluelling* be-  
gan to imagine there was some Myf-  
tery in this Man’s living here, and  
were



were upon their guard ; they appeared very merry, and guest by their Host's Behaviour, that he was a Man of Quality. When they were well warm'd with Wine, they all began to be free, the old Man toasted the King's Health, they pledged him. ' My Lord, said Mr. Lluelling, me-  
' thinks 'tis almost as good living here  
' as in *France*, or *Wales* : Faith, I  
' can't treat you better when you  
' come to *Swansey*.' At these words, the Stranger look'd upon them, say-  
' ing, ' Gentlemen, are you Natives  
' of these two Places ? they are both  
' well known to me.' Here they were interrupted by the Boy, who inform'd his Master some Friends were come ; he presently stept to the Door, where they heard the sound of Horses Feet : After some time he return'd to them, saying ' Gentlemen,  
' I beg pardon for leaving you, but  
' it was to take leave of some Friends  
' who are going for *France*.' It was now midnight, and he genteely said,  
' Gentlemen, you are weary, will you  
E be

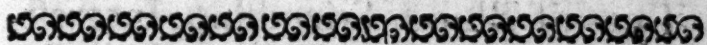
‘ be pleased to go to bed?’ They finish’d their Bottle, and were conducted up Stairs, to a Room where they could but just stand upright for the Cieling; but the Softness of the Bed, and Fineness of the Sheets, made amends: However they could not sleep, their Minds were so fill’d with Curiosity to know who this Man was. They talk’d all night; the Marquis’s mention’d *Belinda* several times, and *Isabella*, saying, ‘ My dear Child will  
‘ repent her leaving *France*, and be  
‘ much concerned for us this night.’ This their Discourse was overheard by the old Man, who lay in the next Room: They heard him up early, and rose: Coming down Stairs, they found Breakfast ready for them. ‘ Now, Gentlemen, said their Host,  
‘ I must be impertinent, and ask  
‘ some Questions before we part: I  
‘ last night heard one of you name  
‘ *Belinda*, and find you are lately  
‘ come from *France*; I had a Sister  
‘ of that Name, who dying, left a  
‘ Daughter, of whom I would be  
‘ glad

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‘ glad to hear some Tidings : Come  
‘ you from *Normandy* ? ’ ‘ By Hea-  
‘ ven, *said the Marquis*, *embra-*  
‘ *cing the old Man*, you are the L—;  
‘ the Uncle of my dear *Betinda*, that  
‘ charming Virgin, Fate made me the  
‘ happy Husband of.’ Here they sat  
down, recounting, in a pathetick  
manner, all their Adventures : The  
Marquis concluding, said, ‘ And now,  
‘ Sir, tells us what Providence brought  
‘ you here.’ ‘ Sir, *said he*, I will :  
‘ My Loyalty to my Prince brought  
‘ me under some Misfortunes, at last  
‘ I was forced, with my only Son, to  
‘ fly to *Scotland* ; there we lay con-  
‘ cealed a while, till I had received a  
‘ great Sum of Money, that I had  
‘ taken Methods to have remitted to  
‘ me. From thence we hired a small  
‘ Vessel, and sailed for *Wales*, where  
‘ I thought I shou’d be secure from  
‘ all Discovery ; there I changed my  
‘ Name, purchased a small Estate,  
‘ and have lived happily, tho obscure-  
‘ ly, ever since, making several Voya-  
‘ ges to *France*, hither, and else-  
‘ where,



‘ where, upon Business to serve my  
 ‘ Friends. I came to *Ireland* some  
 ‘ Months ago, and chose this Place  
 ‘ to reside in, my Habit, and my Ser-  
 ‘ vants, making us pass undiscover’d ;  
 ‘ the Gentlemen you heard me speak  
 ‘ to, are gone to take Shipping, and I  
 ‘ design to go for *Wales* with the first  
 ‘ Opportunity.’ ‘ We will go toge-  
 ‘ ther, *said Mr. Lluelling*, where we  
 ‘ shall fill our expecting Wives Hearts  
 ‘ with Joy.’ They parted, the L—  
 not thinking it proper to go along  
 with them by day-light, sending his  
 Boy to guide them to *Wexford*, where  
 they arrived to the great Joy of the  
 Lady *Isabella*, who had been almost  
 distracted for fear her Father and  
 Brother-in-law had been killed. In  
 few days after, the Ship being ready,  
 the Marquis and all the rest went  
 aboard, with the L— who came to  
 them disguised ; they set sail for  
*Swansey*, where they soon arrived in  
 good Health.



CHAP. X.

MR. *Lluelling* conducted the Marquis and the L—— with the young Lady and Servants, to his House ; where being arrived, he saw the Servants look upon one another, and a general Sadness and Silence seemed to reign in every Face and Room. ‘ Where is your Lady, and her Mother ?’ he demanded. None answer’d. At length, ‘ Sir,’ *said a Boy trembling, that had been bred in his House,* ‘ my Lady is stolen away, as we suppose, by your Kinsman Mr. *Glandore* ; we have heard nothing of her this Month and more : The old Lady has taken it so to heart, that she has kept her bed ever since, and is more likely to die than to live.’ ‘ Shew me to her,’ *said Mr. Lluelling,* and let us join with her in Sorrow.’ ‘ My God,’ *continued he,* where shall we find

' Faith in Man? Can neither the  
 ' Tyes of Blood, Friendship, Interest,  
 ' nor Religion bind Men to be just :  
 ' but alas! he lived too long in that  
 ' curs'd Town, where Vice takes  
 ' place of Virtue, where Men rise by  
 ' Villany and Fraud, where the lust-  
 ' ful Appetite has all Opportunities of  
 ' being gratify'd ; where Oaths and  
 ' Promises are only Jest, and all Re-  
 ' ligion but Pretence, and made a  
 ' Skreen and Cloak for Knavery ; a  
 ' place where Truth and Virtue can-  
 ' not live. Oh! curse on my CREDU-  
 ' lity, to trust so rich a Treasure to a  
 ' Wolf, a lustful *Londoner*. He wou'd  
 have gone on, if the Marquis had  
 not interrupted him, begging him to  
 be patient, and at least procure his  
 Happiness, by bringing him to *Be-  
 linda*. To her Chamber they went,  
 where she was lying in her Bed so  
 weak, that it was even dangerous to  
 let her know her Happiness. The  
 Marquis threw himself upon the  
 Bed by her, weeping, and embra-  
 cing her in his Arms, cry'd, ' My  
 ' God,



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God, I thank thee, that my longing  
Arms again do hold my dear *Belinda*;  
spare her, I beg thee, some few  
Years longer to enjoy the mighty  
Blessings thou hast granted us: Look  
up, my Dear, and bless thy ravish'd  
Husband with a tender Look, let  
my Soul leap to hear thy well-  
known Voice, and thy Tongue tell  
me I am welcome.' 'Am I alive!  
and do I wake! *she cry'd*, do I be-  
hold my dear Lord again! it is im-  
possible! let me behold him till my  
Eye-strings crack, and my Life ends  
in Rapture; what Thanks, what  
Returns, can I make to Heaven?  
let all my Faculties exert themselves,  
and all united praise my God.' Here  
*she* fainted, Joy having overcome her  
wasted Spirits; Cordials were brought,  
and *she* was recover'd from her Fit,  
and then *she* began to weep. 'Alas!  
my Lord, *said she*, were I able, I  
would ask you a thousand Questions,  
but I hope now to live and enjoy  
your dear Company again; but we  
have lost our Child, dishonourably

‘ stolen. Ah ! Son, *said she*, turning  
‘ to Mr. Lluelling, you were decei-  
‘ ved, and left a Villain to supply  
‘ your Place.’ At these Words she  
saw *Isabella* : ‘ What fair Virgin,  
‘ *said she*, is that, my Lord ? Have  
‘ you more Daughters ? and has some  
‘ other Woman slept in your dear  
‘ Arms ? ‘ My Dear, *said he*, I have  
‘ been marry’d since we parted, be-  
‘ lieving you were dead ; but the  
‘ Lady was so happy as to die before  
‘ I was blest’d with the knowledge of  
‘ your Safety : This is a Daughter of  
‘ hers, by a former Husband ; she is  
‘ as dear to me as *Belinda*, and I  
‘ brought her, to present her to you,  
‘ as the greatest Blessing Heaven can  
‘ send you, next my Life, and *Be-*  
‘ *linda’s* Safety.’ Then he turn’d to  
Mr. *Lluelling* ; ‘ Fear not, my Son,  
‘ *said he*, I will find and fetch *Be-*  
‘ *linda* back, if yet alive, and use  
‘ the Ravisher as he deserves.’ Then  
the Servants were all called up, and  
examined ; they inform’d them of  
*Glandore’s* being seen with her in  
the

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the Summer-House, and of some Places where they were seen together on the Road ; so they concluded she was carried Northward, and the L— said, ‘ My Estate lies that way, Nephew, if you please to stay with my Neice, my Kinsman and I will go together ; we know the Roads and Country, and shall soon trace the Robber to his Den, I doubt not.’ The Servants said they had rid all about the Country, but could get no Intelligence where they were.

The next Morning, the Lord — whom we must henceforward know to have gone by the Name of Mr. *Hide*, for he was Father to the young Gentleman who had *Belinda* in keeping, set out with Mr. *Lluelling* and three Servants, well arm’d, and went the Road to his House, which was in *Merionethshire*, near the River *Wie* ; they got Information on the Road of the Coach, and so continued to go towards Mr. *Hide*’s, where they found young Mr. *Hide* dangerously ill : He receiv’d his Father with all Joy and Affection,



Affection, and after some Discourse, related to them the Adventure of the young Lady's being brought thither, with the manner of her being rescued from *Glandore*, and his, and his Servants being kill'd by the Highwaymen. Then Mr. *Lluelling*, impatient to know where she was, interrupted him, asking to see her.

Are you then, *said Mr. Hide*, the happy Man to whom *Belinda* is Wife? Why do you ask me for her? I sent her home to you three Days since, in your own Coach, guarded by three of my Servants, not being able to persuade her to stay here, till I was either dead, or able to see her home my self. At these Words Mr. *Lluelling* was even Thunder-struck; he look'd on the Lord

Am I then, *said he*, born to lose her? What can become of her now? Doubt not, *said the young Gentleman*, Heaven will preserve her; such Perfection, such Virtue and Beauty, Angels attend upon; I am undone for ever by the sight of her, before I knew she was another's I adored

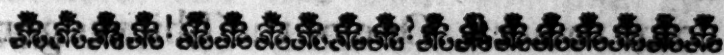
her,

her, and now die a Victim to her  
 Charms : Her Virtue I ne'er attemp-  
 ted, but honour'd and protected  
 her, hoping to die respected of her ;  
 and tho' 'twas worse than Death  
 to lose the sight of her, yet I con-  
 sented to our Separation, and sent  
 her away : since which I find my  
 Illness increased, and hope my End  
 is at hand. Mr. *Lluelling* look'd  
 upon him with Jealousy and Rage :  
 Is *Belinda*, said he, so unfortunate,  
 to raise me a Rival in every Man of  
 Worth that sees her : Why did she  
 not rather die in the Retreat I found  
 her ; let me but find her once again,  
 and she shall never quit my Sight ;  
 I'll guard and keep her with such  
 care, that all my lustful Sex shall  
 ne'er be able to seduce, or steal her  
 from me." Here the old Lord in-  
 terpos'd : " My Friend and Kinsman,  
 said he, you wrong your Lady and  
 my Son : Why do you rave ? Has he  
 not done nobly by you ? If he loved  
 her before he knew that she was  
 pre-ingag'd, it was no Crime, but  
 his

‘ his Misfortune; and his honourable  
 ‘ Treatment of her since, renders him  
 ‘ highly deserving your Compassion  
 ‘ and Esteem. Come, let us wisely  
 ‘ search for her, and return to your  
 ‘ Home, where she, by this time,  
 ‘ may be arrived. Come, my Son,  
 ‘ vanquish the Frailty of your Mind,  
 ‘ and then your Body will recover;  
 ‘ *Belinda* has a Sister, fair as herself,  
 ‘ a Horse-litter shall be provided to  
 ‘ carry you with us to *Swansey*, there  
 ‘ Company, and the lovely *Isabella*,  
 ‘ will, I hope, complete your Cure,  
 ‘ and make you happy.’ All Things  
 were strait got ready for their return  
 thither, where being arrived, there  
 was no News of *Belinda*. And now  
 we shall leave them to go in search  
 of her, and give an Account of what  
 had happen’d to her.







CHAP. XI.

**B**ELINDA being on the Road with her Attendants, about ten Miles from Mr. *Hide's*, the Coach going gently over a dangerous Mountain, was met, and set upon, by a Band of ten Robbers, who stopp'd the Coach, and kill'd one of the Servants, and two of the Horses; took the other two Servants, whom they bound hand and foot; then they pulled *Belinda* out of the Coach, and searching that, found the Sum of 1490 *l.* in Gold, *Belinda* having used only ten Pounds of the Money *Glandore* had brought in the Coach, which ten Pounds she had given Mr. *Hide's* Servants, and the Clowns that rescued her. There was one amongst the Thieves that seem'd to be much respected by, and commanded the rest. He put *Belinda* into the Coach again, and going into it himself, bid her

her be silent, and no harm should come to her. One of the Thieves got up into the Coach-box, and with the four remaining Horses drove the Coach down the Mountain into a deep Valley; then he drove to a Wood about two Miles from that Place, and being enter'd into the thickest part of it, they stopp'd, took the Horses out, and left the Coach: The Captain leading Mrs. *Lluelling*, they came to an old ruined Stone Building, where an old Church was remaining, and part of the House.

Here these Robbers lived, it being a place desolate of all Inhabitants, and long since abandon'd: Here they locked the two Servants they had taken Prisoners into a Room, and then pulling off their Vizards, they saluted Mrs. *Lluelling*, and told her she was welcome: But, good Heavens! what a Surprize was she under! when she saw the Captain of the Robbers Face, and knew him to be a young Gentleman whom she had once seen at Mr. *Hide's* with  
Let.

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Letters, and had been by him ca-  
ress'd in an extraordinary manner;  
he soon perceiv'd she knew him.

‘ Madam, *said he*, you will not be  
‘ half so much surprized as you now  
‘ seem to be, when I tell you, that  
‘ I no sooner saw you at Mr. *Hide’s*,  
‘ but I loved you; I am a Man no-  
‘ bly born but unfortunate; we are  
‘ all Gentlemen, most of us outlaw’d,  
‘ except three really Thieves, whom  
‘ we are join’d with. We have for  
‘ our Royal Master’s, and Religion’s  
‘ sake, been ruin’d; our Estates, or  
‘ our Fathers, which were our Birth-  
‘ right, confiscated; we have try’d  
‘ to get our Bread abroad, but like  
‘ the poor Cavaliers, were look’d  
‘ on as burdensome wherever we  
‘ came. Thus made desperate, since  
‘ *Lewis* the Fourteenth dy’d, we re-  
‘ turned to *England*; we had most  
‘ of us a Being when first we came,  
‘ but our Friends are since impove-  
‘ rish’d: our Spirits are great, there-  
‘ fore we have chosen this desperate  
‘ way to maintain ourselves. At the  
‘ harm-



• harmless Country Peoples, where  
• we lodge in couples, we pass for  
• Jacobites, and honest Tories, great  
• Men disguised, &c. and when we  
• have got a good Booty, and are  
• flush of Money, they imagine we  
• have receiv'd Supplies from abroad.  
• News we often do indeed receive  
• from foreign Parts, but Money never:  
• we would, if a change came,  
• venture into the World again, and  
• live honestly. We never murder any  
• Man, or rob a poor Traveller; we  
• hold Correspondence with some Servant  
• or other, in every Gentleman's Family  
• in the Country, and seldom miss of Intelligence  
• where great Sums of Money are stirring.  
• This Place is our Rendezvous, here  
• we divide our Plunder, and then  
• we separate. You see, Madam, the  
• Confidence I repose in you; I believe  
• you are a Lady of Quality; I  
• admire your Person, I am not your  
• Inferior in Birth, and therefore since  
• I have purchas'd you with the hazard  
• of my Life, hope you will  
• grant

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‘ grant me the Possession of your  
‘ Person without Reluctance; I will  
‘ maintain you nobly, and run all  
‘ Dangers to preserve, provide for,  
‘ and please you.’

Here one of his Companions enter’d, saying, ‘ Sir, Dinner is ready.’ He took her by the hand, she not daring to resist, and led her to a large Room, where was a Table spread, and great Store of cold Meats, with Plenty of Wine: she was plac’d by the Captain at the upper end, and now he and his Companions gave a loose to Joy; Mirth and Good-humour reigned. *Belinda* could not eat, her Soul was fill’d with all the dreadful Imaginations of Ruin and Misery; but after they had eaten plentifully, they all withdrew to sleep, and she and the Captain were left alone: he press’d her earnestly to yield to him, but she refused him with such soft Words and Resolution, that he forbore to treat her rudely, trying to win her to his Embraces gently; for tho necessity had  
made

made him a Robber, yet it could not make him a Brute; he had been well born and educated, and retain'd some Remnants of Honour. At night he left her there, and went out with his Band, leaving with her two Women, who were in appearance Servants to them; to these she address'd herself, saying, ' You  
' are Women, your Hearts must be  
' tender and pitiful! I am a Wife,  
' brought hither by Misfortune, torn  
' from a fond Husband, and a doating  
' Mother. Oh! help me in this  
' great Distress, assist me to escape  
' and bring me to them, and you  
' shall be rewarded to your Satisfaction.' The eldest of the two reply'd, ' Madam, we gladly would,  
' but cannot serve you; we are Strangers in this Place like you; we were  
' brought here by Force, blindfold,  
' and taken far from hence: 'tis now  
' eight Months since we were brought  
' to this sad Place. Here we have  
' been ruined, and are made subservient to the Lust and Humour of these  
' de-



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‘ desperate Men; we both were Gentlewomen born in *France*, tho we  
‘ speak *English*: this is my Neice, I  
‘ was a single Woman, had no Relation whom I thought so well deserved my Love as she. I had a handsome Fortune, and we lived together; and having some Business to  
‘ go for *England*, I took her with me: we took along with us our  
‘ Necklaces, Rings, Clothes, and what we had most valuable to appear in,  
‘ with Money to defray our Charges. The Vessel we came over in, was  
‘ bound to *Southampton*, but a Storm drove us upon this Coast; we got  
‘ into *Swansey*, and from thence hired Horses to carry us cross the  
‘ Countries thither, with a Guide. In the way we were set upon by this  
‘ Band of Robbers; they stopp’d us, took us off our Horses, carry’d us, our  
‘ Boxes, and all off along with them, and brought us to this Place. Our Guide  
‘ they bound, and left behind, and now threaten us with Death, if we  
‘ attempt to leave them. Alas! we  
‘ know

' know not where to fly to, this  
 ' Place is destitute of all Inhabitants ;  
 ' besides, some of our Band is always  
 ' watching near this Wood : we are  
 ' Strangers to this Country, have no  
 ' Friends here to make inquiry after  
 ' us ; we came only to trade, which  
 ' I often did, and so learned *English*,  
 ' and now despair of ever seeing our  
 ' native Land and Friends again.'

This Story nearly touch'd Mrs. *Lluelling's* Heart. ' Find a way for

' our Escape, *said she*, and I will  
 ' procure your safe return to *France*.'

Here she related to them all her own  
 Adventures, at which they seem'd  
 astonish'd ; but when she named her  
 Father and Mother, they fell a weep-  
 ing, and embracing her Knees, de-  
 clar'd that they had been Servants  
 to her Grandfather, the Governour  
 of *Normandy*, the eldest having been  
 many years Housekeeper to her Grand-  
 mother, the Marchioness of *Main-  
 tenon*. ' My dear Lady, *said she*,

' what would I refuse to do to serve  
 ' you ? I will set you at Liberty, or  
 ' die

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‘ die in the Attempt.’ Here they consulted what to do, Mrs. *Lluelling* resolved not to stay there all that Night, fearing the Men’s return. There were in the Chapel many Disguises, with which the Robbers used to conceal themselves; of these they chose three, which were old ragged Coats, Shoes, Hats, &c. being Beggars Habits; they took Soot and Grease, and made an odd kind of Pomatum to rub their Faces and Hands; and thus accouter’d, with long oaken Sticks in their Hands, they ventur’d into the Wood, leaving the dismal Dwelling, empty of Human Creatures. They went on, trembling at every Noise or Rustling of the Trees, seeking a Path, but could discover none: they still went forward, till they had pass’d thro’ the Wood, and then they discover’d the open Country, where they could discern nothing but dreadful high barren Mountains, and lonely Valleys, dangerous to pass: they had no Food with them, nor any Money, for the Robbers



Robbers never left that behind them in that Place.

Thus they wander'd over the Mountains till Night approach'd, weary and faint for want of Food; and when it grew dark, they could go no farther; back they neither dar'd, nor would return. *Belinda* had a Soul too noble to submit to gratify a Villain's Lust. 'Come my Companions, *said she*, let us lie down on the cold Earth, and trust that Providence that still preserves those that put their Confidence in it; 'tis better far to perish here, than live in Infamy and Misery: 'tis true, our Bodies are enfeebled by the want of Sustainance, but Sleep will refresh our tired Spirits, and enable us to prosecute our Journey; recommend yourselves to God, his Power is all sufficient, and when Human Means are wanting, can supply our Wants by Miracle.' Here she fell upon her Knees, and cry'd, 'My God, increase my Faith, pity our Distress, and send us Help: but if thou

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• thou hast decreed us to die in this  
• Place, support us under the mighty  
• Tryal, and give us Grace to be en-  
• tirely resigned to thy Will, and send  
• thy Angels to receive our Souls.  
Her Companions remain'd silent, ad-  
miring the Constancy of *Belinda*  
who seem'd then scarce fifteen; they  
laid down and slept profoundly, Wea-  
riness making them rest, tho' under  
the most racking Apprehensions of  
the greatest Dangers. At break of  
Day they arose, but knew not which  
way to go.

Thus they wander'd three Days and  
Nights: the Evening of the third  
Day, they discovered, at a conside-  
rable distance, a small Town; but  
now, alas! they were no longer able  
to stand. • My merciful God, cry'd  
• *the almost dying* Belinda, must I  
• perish now, when Help is so near?  
• Why do my fainting Limbs refuse  
• to bear me to that Place, where  
• Food is to be had, and Drink to  
• quench my raging Thirst, which  
• Water will no longer do? My cra-  
ving

‘ ving Stomach sickens with the cold  
‘ Draught, and casts it back again.’  
Here she fainted, *Lisbia* and *Mag-*  
*dalena*, for those were the Women’s  
Names that accompany’d her, look’d  
ghastly upon her, and fell down by  
her.

Thus the Almighty try’d her Faith  
and Patience, but design’d not she,  
who fled from Sin, should perish:  
a She-Goat, with a little Kid, at her  
recovering from her Trance, stood  
by her; she catch’d at it with her  
eager Hands, the Goat fled, but the  
Kid she laid hold of, calling to her  
Companions to assist her, and with a  
Knife she had in her Pocket, she  
stabb’d it. They lick’d up the warm  
Blood, and eat the raw Flesh, more  
joyfully than they wou’d Dainties at  
another time, so sharp is Hunger!  
Refresh’d with this, they slept that  
Night much better, tho it was now  
pinching cold, it being the latter  
end of *October*. It snow’d hard to-  
wards morning, which so benumb’d  
their Limbs, that they were not able  
to



to walk ; and here they sat eating their strange Breakfast of raw Flesh, till it was almost Noon, making many vain Attempts to rise and walk : but then the Sun breaking out, they made a shift to creep along towards the Town. But, alas ! when they thought they were almost there, they met with the River *Wie* ; they saw no Bridge or Boat, and it was impossible for them to get over it on foot : they went as far as they were able by the River-side, ready to sink down at every step ; at length they sat down, and wept sadly. *Belinda* believing herself near Death, her Constitution being more tender and delicate than the *French Women's*, with a weak Voice thus exhorted them : ‘ My Friends, *says she*, I  
‘ need not tell you that we are all  
‘ born to part, and die ; I believe our  
‘ time is short, and that in few hours  
‘ we shall be released from the Mi-  
‘ series of this Life : how necessary is  
‘ it for us then, to improve those  
‘ few Hours Providence gives us, to  
F ‘ prepare

' prepare for Eternity? My Life has,  
 ' I thank God, been pass'd in Retire-  
 ' ment; I have not been expos'd to  
 ' the Temptations of the World, yet  
 ' have I not been free from Errors :  
 ' you have lived long, I beg there-  
 ' fore that you would apply your-  
 ' selves earnestly to him that must  
 ' condemn, or save us, out of whose  
 ' mighty Hand none can deliver us;  
 ' and remember that now is the Mo-  
 ' ment, when eternal Happiness is to  
 ' be obtain'd or lost?

Here she cou'd proceed no farther,  
 but fell back in a Swoon. At this  
 Instant a poor Fisherman brought his  
 Nets down to dry them on the Shore;  
 and seeing three poor Men together,  
 two of them weeping over him  
 that was lying down, he drew near,  
 and overheard their Complaints.  
 The Man spoke but bad *English*,  
 but he understood it much better;  
 he found the Person dying was a Wo-  
 man disguised, because they wrung  
 their Hands, and lamented her, cry-  
 ing, Our dear Lady is dead, what  
 shall

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shall we do? The good Man look'd about to see if his Boat was coming in, which he had left his Boy to bring thither, which at that Instant brought it to the Shore; the good Man leaped into it, and took out a Bottle of Brandy, which he quickly brought, and pour'd some of it down *Belinda's* Throat, at which she recovered; the two Women drank likewise. He told them his House, tho a poor one, was but a Mile farther, and invited them to it; but, alas! they were not able to walk thither: he and his Boy were obliged to help them into his Boat, in which he carry'd them to his Cottage, where they were kindly received by his Wife, to whom the Fisherman told how he found them; the good Woman warm'd a Bed, and got them into it, giving them good hot Broth. And now being much refreshed, *Belinda* told her who she was, and that she lived at *Swansey*. 'Alas! Madam, said the good Woman, you are a great



‘ way from home, but I will send  
‘ my Husband thither, to give your  
‘ Friends notice.’ ‘ He shall be well  
‘ rewarded, *said Belinda.*’ The next  
morning the Fisherman set out for  
*Swansey*, and *Belinda* fell very sick;  
*Lisbia* and *Magdelaine* recover’d  
soon, but she remain’d so weak,  
that she could not walk. In five  
Days the Fisherman reach’d Mr.  
*Eluelling’s*, whom we must now  
return to speak of.





C H A P. XII.

**M**R. *Lluelling*, the Lord——, and his Son, being arrived at *Swansey*, and finding no News of *Belinda*, they took all the Methods possible to find her out, but in vain. Mr. *Hide* was so weak that he could not accompany his Father, and Kinsman, who rid out every day in search of *Belinda*; the Marquis, who could not part one hour from his dear Lady, and the lovely *Isabella*, kept him company: her Charms soon touch'd his Soul, and he at last began to imagine, that if *Belinda* was found again, and happy, he could be so with her Sister. *Isabella* grew insensibly to be fond of him, her Virgin Heart that never felt Love's Flame before, was warmed, and every thing he did, was charming in her Eyes: he now was

able to walk into the Garden, and tho very weak, was well-bred, obliging, gay, and entertaining. The Marquis was extreme fond of him, and was pleased to see the growing Affection betwixt Mr. *Hide* and *Isabella*; nothing was wanting but *Belinda*'s Presence, to make this Family compleatly happy: and now the fortunate Moment came, they so much wish'd for; the Fisherman arrived, and gave an account of her being at his House with two Friends, with the manner of their coming thither: but, good Heavens! what Transports fill'd Mr. *Lluelling*'s and her Mother's Soul? it was late at night when this News was brought, and impossible to travel by reason of the Snow and Darknes, yet it was with difficulty that the Marquis restrained his Son from venturing.

In the morning they set out at the break of Day, the Marquis, Lord —, and Mr. *Lluelling*, in the Coach and Six, with five Servants, and the Fisherman well horsed: the old Lady



dy would fain have gone, but her Weakness was such, that she, Mr. *Hide*, and *Isabella*, were constrained to stay at home. In three days Mr. *Lluelling*, and the rest, arrived at the Cottage, where he was blest'd with the sight of his dear *Belinda*; she was in bed, very weak, but when she heard his Voice, she started up, and when he came to the bed-side, threw her Arms about his Neck, and both remain'd silent for some Moments, whilst Tears of Joy shew'd their Affection: then he recovering, said a thousand tender Things, such as fully express'd his Fondness. Her Father next embrac'd her, saying, ' See here, *Belinda*, your transported Father, who never saw a Day like this! now my God has crown'd my Age with Blessings, exceeding Expectation, and almost Belief. What Thanks are we obliged to render our Creator, for the mighty Blessings he has this Day bestow'd upon us?' She bow'd, but being faint, could scarce reply, when Mr.

*Lluelling*, looking tenderly upon her, said, 'Alas! my *Belinda*, may  
' I hope that I shall sleep again  
' within those Arms? Has no vile  
' Ravisher usurped my Right, and  
' forced you to his hated Bed?  
' Has not that lovely Body been  
' polluted with his curst Embraces?  
' tho I believe your Mind still pure,  
' and that your Soul loath'd and  
' abhor'd the damning Thought;  
' yet forgive me, if I tremble at  
' the dreadful Idea of so curs'd an  
' Act, and long to know the Truth.'  
*Belinda*, lifting up her Eyes, look'd  
on him with Disdain; 'Are you my  
' Husband? *she cry'd*; Do you know  
' me? and can you believe me ca-  
' pable of so vile, so base a Crime,  
' as yielding up my Honour to a  
' Ravisher? No; I would have pre-  
' fer'd the cruellest Death to Infamy;  
' or if by Force compell'd, wou'd  
' ne'er have let the impious Villain  
' live for to repeat his Crime; or  
' I would have urged him to de-  
' stroy me, pursued him with Re-  
' proaches,

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• proaches, till with my Blood he  
• should have bought his Peace, and  
• wash'd away my Stain : believe  
• me, I am innocent as when you  
• took me first a Virgin to your  
• Bed, and your Suspicions are un-  
• kind.' Here she fainted, he held  
her in his Arms, ask'd pardon for his  
Rashness, and with fervent Kisses  
seal'd his Peace upon her Lips and  
Hands. And now they thought of  
removing her to *Swansey* : this was  
a Place not fit for her to stay in,  
Physicians, and all Things wanting,  
could not here be had. He had for-  
got to bring Clothes and Linnea  
thither, and till she was to rise,  
took no notice of hers, and her  
Companions Habits ; but when he  
saw *Lisbia* bring her Beggar's Coat,  
and other Accoutrements, he, and the  
Marquiss, and Lord —, were much  
surprized, and diverted ; and indeed  
it was a pleasant Sight to see her, and  
her Female Attendants, so dress'd en-  
ter the Coach.



And now nothing remained but to reward the honest Fisherman and his Wife; Mr. *Luelling* gave them ten Pieces of Gold, a Sum they had never been Masters of before in their whole Lives; he told them if they would come to *Swansey*, he would give them a House to live in. They return'd him Thanks, but said they had lived in that Cottage thirty odd Years, and had rather continue there; but if he wou'd give their Boy *Jack* a new Fisher-boat against he was marry'd, which was to be shortly, they should be bound to pray for him to their Lives end. He agreed to their Request, bidding the Fisherman come to *Swansey*, and chuse such a one as he best liked, and he would pay for it; so they parted thence, and in three days came in Safety to *Swansey*, where *Belinda* was received with excessive Joy by her Mother, and the rest. *Isabella* admired her Sister's Beauty, tho somewhat

*Marlann de Beaumont.* 131

what changed by Sickness, when she  
saw her dress'd in her own Clothes.  
Habits were given to the Women  
her Attendants, and none but Mr.  
*Hide* feared to look upon her; she  
turn'd towards him smiling, ' My  
' generous Lover and Friend, *said*  
' *she*, look not upon me with such  
' Disorder; believe me, your Treat-  
' ment of me was so generous and  
' noble, that had I not been dispo-  
' sed of, nor known Mr. *Lluelling*  
' before, I declare, Mr. *Hide* should  
' have had the first Place in my  
' Esteem: but here is another to be  
' disposed of, my charming Sister,  
' who has, in my Eyes, superior  
' Charms; give her that Heart which  
' I must now refuse, and make her  
' happy. Speak, my dear Sister, *said*  
' *she*, shall he be heard? and do you  
' not think him worthy your Love?  
*Isabella* blush'd, and the Marchioness  
answer'd, ' her Father and I ap-  
' proving it, I dare answer for my  
' dear *Isabella*, she will be guided  
' by us.' Mr. *Hide* made a low Bow.  
' My

‘ My Lord, *said he*, may I presume  
 ‘ to hope so great an Honour as  
 ‘ seems here design’d me?’ ‘ You  
 ‘ may, *answer’d the Marquiss*, I  
 ‘ shall be proud to call you Son.’  
 From this Hour Mr. *Hide* paid his  
 Addresses to *Isabella*, and Content  
 reigned in every Face, and now  
*Belinda* gave an Account of all  
 that had happen’d to her, from her  
 being taken by the Robbers, to her  
 Arrival at the Fisherman’s.

Two days after her return home,  
 the two poor Servants that were  
 taken by the Thieves with her, and  
 left lock’d up in a Room, when  
 she fled from the ruinous House  
 in the Wood, came to *Swansey*,  
 and told, How having found them-  
 selves there alone, and hearing no-  
 body stir, or come to relieve them  
 for two days and a night, they re-  
 solved to Force their way out, at  
 all Adventures; and searching about  
 to find the best Place to make  
 their escape at, one of them pull’d  
 a great Stone out of the Wall, at  
 which



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which they both crept out: they saw no body, and rambled all about the House, and ruin'd Church; there they found several Boxes and Trunks, but most of them empty: examining more curiously, they found a Trap-door in the Chancel, which, lifting up, they ventur'd to go into a Vault, where was much Treasure, as Plate, Jewels, Money, and Clothes; they took as much as they could well carry in their Pockets, and departed, going over the Mountains till they thought they were safe, and there they lay that night. The next day, knowing the Country, they went home to their Master, Mr. *Hide's* House, and from thence came to *Swansey*, to give him an Account of all.

Upon this Information, and Mrs. *Lluelling's*, Mr. *Lluelling* resolved to send to the High-Sheriff; and raise the County, to apprehend this Gang of thieves; but *Belinda* entreated him to spare the Captain of the Robbers.

Accor-

According to his Desire, the Sheriff gave Orders, and Mr. *Lluelling* heading the Hue and Cry, Mr. *Hide's* Servants guiding them, they went directly to the Wood, where they apprehended two of the meanest of the Crew, that is, two real Thieves; who inform'd them, that the whole Band returning thither two days after *Belinda's* Escape thence, and finding the two Women, and Mr. *Hide's* two Servants gone, they feared being discovered, and had therefore changed their Lodgings, and retired to a Place more secret, and almost impossible to be discover'd, taking part of their Treasure with them, and were resolved to go off to Sea, if they were too closely pursued to live longer there; and had left them behind to give Intelligence. They said moreover, That they had look'd narrowly upon most of the Mountains for *Belinda* and the Women, and missing them, hoped they had perish'd in some of the dismal Valleys, or tumbled down from some  
Preci-

*Madam de Beaumont.* 1135

Presepice, and kill'd themselves.  
' Our Captain, indeed, said one of  
' them, is a brave Gentleman, and  
' storm'd dreadfully at us, saying,  
' he would give his Life willingly  
' to save the Lady, and that if we  
' did not find, and bring her safe  
' back, he would kill us: which we  
' little regarded; for tho we let him  
' at present head us, and command,  
' 'tis only because he is boldest, and  
' will venture where we don't care  
' to go: but should we be taken  
' and imprison'd, we should not scru-  
' ple to hang him, or any of his  
' Friends, to save ourselves.' ' Vil-  
' lains that you are, cry'd Mr Llu-  
' elling, if possible, I will save him  
' and hang you.' They were pi-  
nion'd, and the House and Church  
searched narrowly, where some Plate  
and Clothes were found, and after-  
wards put into the Sheriff's Hands,  
to be restored to the owners, upon  
publick Notice given, and their  
appearing; and after much search,  
being able to discover no more of  
the



the Thieves, Mr. *Lluelling* dismissed the assistants, and returned home, the two Thieves being first lodged in the County Goal. Some days after, a Man brought a Letter, directed to the *French* Marquiss, *Monsieur de Maintenon*; he gave it to one of the Servants, and departed: the Marquiss open'd it before the Family, and read the contents, which were as follows

My LORD,

**I** *T is with the utmost Confusion I inform your Lordship, that I am the unfortunate Sir C. O. known here only as Captain of a Band of Robbers, amongst whom are Mr. T. B. Sir A. D. the two A—rs, and two Gentlemen more, unknown to you. I am perfectly sensible of the Danger and Sinfulness of this wretched Course of Life I at present follow, and would gladly leave it for any honest way of getting Bread.*

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*Bread. I throw myself at your Feet, to implore your Pity and Pardon for the Rudeness I offer'd Belinda, which I heartily repent of. I know your Generosity and Goodness, and resolve to put my Life into your Hands, by coming to you; and if you think me worthy to live, dispose of me as you please, I will follow you into France, and draw my Sword no more, but for your's, and my Master's Service: If you condemn me to Death, send me to a Prison, and you will take away a Life, that, whilst I continue in Sin, must be burdensome to*

*Your Devoted Friend,*

*and Old Acquaintance,*

*C. O.*

**CHAP.**



## C H A P. XIII.

THE Marquis was much surprized at reading this Letter, knowing the Gentleman very well: He ask'd Mr. *Lluelling*, his Lady, and Lord — Advice; they all agreed that they would, if possible, save him and the rest. The next Day the Captain of the Robbers came, and Mr. *Hide* embraced him, and so did the Marquis, Mr. *Lluelling*, and L — ; they had the Diversion of his relating to them all his dangerous and bold Adventures: He lay there that night, next morning Mr. *Lluelling* went to the Port, and hired a Vessel to carry him and his Companions to *Spain*, the Marquis giving him Letters of Recommendation to some Great Men there, who were his Friends. He made him deliver up all the Things of value he



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he had left in his Hands, of his Robberies, and part of Mr. *Ltuel-ling's* Money, and gave him Bills for a handsome Sum of Money to support him and his Friends, till they could be provided for in the Army, which they desired to be received into: This the Marquis generously gave out of his own Pocket, with some Gold for their present Occasion, till they came to *Barce-lona*, the Bill being drawn on a Merchant there, with whom he held a Correspondence.

The rest of the unfortunate Gentlemen, who, by their Captain's Advice, were all near at hand, went aboard the Vessel, to which the Marquis, Mr. *Ltuelling*, *L—*, and Mr. *Hide*, went with the Captain, and there they sup'd merrily, and parted; the Marquis, and his Son, *L—*, and Mr. *Hide*, returning home. Next morning the Ship sailed with a fair Wind, and *Wales* was delivered from a Band of Gentlemen Thieves, and

the unfortunate Gentlemen from hanging.

And now nothing remain'd to complete this Family's Felicity, but *Isabella's* Marriage with Mr. *Hide*, which in some days after was consummated; this Wedding was very splendid, all sorts of innocent Diversion, as Dancing, Feasting, and musical Entertainments, completed the Festival. The Country-People had their share in it, and much pleased the Ladies with their odd Dancing and Songs: The *Welsh* Harpers came from all parts of the Country, blind and lame, and the Halls echo'd with the trembling Harps. The Marquiss, who had heard the most harmonious Concerts of Musick in *Rome* and *France*, confess'd he had heard nothing more diverting, or seen an Entertainment where there was less Expence, or more true Mirth, saying, 'Were the *Welsh* Language as agreeable and musical as their Harps, I should love to hear them talk, and prefer it to *French*.'

The

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The Marquis and his Lady resolved to continue here till Mrs. *Lluelling* was brought to bed, which she was in the *March* following, on the 17th of which, she was happily delivered of a Son. After she was up again, the Marquis thought of returning to *France* with his Lady, but desired he might have his little Grandson and his Nurse with him; the L—— and Mr. *Hide* likewise resolving to go with him, and settle there, sold their Estates. Mr. *Lluelling* and *Belinda* offer'd to accompany their Father and Mother, and spend the Summer in *Normandy*. And now it being the Year 1718, on the 2d of *May* they went aboard a Ship they had hired to carry them, and arrived safe on the 9th, in the Evening, at *St. Malo's*, from whence they set out for *Coutance*, and in few Days arrived at the Marquis's Seat, where they were entertain'd nobly. The two *French Women*, *Lisbia* and *Magdelaine*, went joyfully to their Home, returning  
many



many Thanks to the Marquis and Ladies. Mr. *Lluelling* and his Lady, found *France* so charming, that they continue there.

Thus Providence does, with unexpected Accidents, try Men's Faith, frustrate their Designs, and lead them thro' a Series of Misfortunes, to manifest its Power in their Deliverance; confounding the Atheist, and convincing the Libertine, that there is a just God, who rewards Virtue, and does punish Vice: So wonderful are the Ways of God, so boundless is his Power, that none ought to despair that believe in him. You see he can give Food upon the barren Mountain, and prevent the bold Ravisher from accomplishing his wicked Design: The virtuous *Belinda* was safe in the hands of a Man who was desperately in love with her, and whose desperate Circumstance made him dare to do almost any thing; but Virtue was her Armour, and Providence her Defender: These Tryals did but im-

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improve her Virtues, and increase her  
Faith.

Such Histories as these ought to  
be publish'd in this Age above all  
others, and if we would be like the  
worthy Persons whose Story we have  
here read, happy and bless'd with  
all human Felicity; let us imitate  
their Virtues, since that is the only  
way to make us dear to God and  
Man, and the most certain and no-  
ble Method to perpetuate our Names,  
and render our Memories immortal,  
and our Souls eternally happy.

F I N I S.



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